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 OUVRES de M. ROUSSEAU.

OUVRES de RACINE, En Deux Volumes.

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TIMOLEON.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

K. Benjamin Martyn

Manus hæc inimica Tyrannis.

Nunquam Libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub Rege Pio.

Claud.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincolns-Inn Fields.

MDCCXXX.

February 4, 1729.

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Just Publish'd,

The HUMOURS of OXFORD. A COMEDY.
As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal by His Majesty's Servants.
Written by a Gentleman of Wadham-College.

Ridiculum acris

Fortius & melius magnas plerumque fecat Res—

Qui capit ille facit.

Hor.

Printed for J. Watts, at the Printing-Office in Wild-Court near
Lincoln-Inn Fields.



TO THE
K I N G.

S I R,



WHILE Your People
are daily proving the
Happinefs of Your
MAJESTY's Govern-
ment, Permit the Muses, by the
meanest of their Representatives,
humbly to implore Your Gracious
Influence. They stand, equal-
ly with Your other Subjects, in
need of Your MAJESTY's Pro-
A 3 tection,

DEDICATION.

tection, and have the same Reason to hope for it, the Goodness of Your MAJESTY's Mind.

For some Years, they were look'd on among the Honours of our Country, but have of late been falling insensibly into Neglect. We please our selves now with the Belief, that under Your MAJESTY they will revive again, because the greatest Princes the World has ever known, have made them their Delight; and, finding their Power and Use, have thought proper to encourage them.

SIR,

I shall not lengthen this Dedication, by aiming at a Character I am unequal to: A Character which it becomes me to admire, rather than

DEDICATION.

than attempt to draw, and draw imperfectly: I must therefore humbly beg Your MAJESTY's Pardon for endeavouring to illustrate the Third Act of the Play, by copying from Your MAJESTY the Virtues of a King, who is a Blessing to his People.

Too much Presumption, I hope, will not be imputed to me, if I count this among the many Instances of Your MAJESTY's gracious Disposition, that You have condescended to patronize a Performance, written with an Ambition to render Your People easy under Your Government, to make them emulous only for Virtue, and to shew them the Value of that Liberty, which is so eminently Your MAJESTY's Care.

DEDICATION.

I should not indeed have Approach'd Your MAJESTY with a lower Subject, or a Character inferior to TIMOLEON's. This I chose as the most Beautiful of Antiquity, and as it bears a Resemblance to the most Exalted one of the present Age, in Courage, in Affability, in the greatest Steadiness of Mind, and Sweetness of Temper, in a very early Appearance against Oppression, in being the Glory and Delight of his Country, and in (the greatest distinction of Heroes) a Love for Mankind.

That Your MAJESTY may be like him in a Constant Series of Success, in a Happy lengthen'd Life, and in being in every Thing the peculiar Care of PROVIDENCE;
That

DEDICATION.

That these Blessings may attend on
Her MAJESTY, and on every
particular Branch of Your Royal
Progeny, are the fervent Prayers
and Wishes of,

May it please Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY'S

Most Humble,

Most Dutiful,

and Most Devoted

Subject and Servant,

BENJAMIN MARTYN.

D E D I C A T I O N

That these Blessings may attend on
Her Majesty, and on every
particular Branch of Your Royal
Progress, are the fervent Prayers
and Wishes of
May I beg to
Your Majesty

His Humble

Mrs. Dugdale

and Mrs. Dugdale

John and Jane

ENRIAMEN MASTERS

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I Should not have troubled the Town with one word by way of Preface, could I have omitted my Thanks to them for their great Indulgence, and my Acknowledgments for the extream Civility of Mrs. *Porter* and Mr. *Mills*, to whose Care, Advice, and Excellent Performance, I must attribute great part of the Success of the Play.

I must indeed do Justice to All concern'd in it, by owning my entire Satisfaction in their Behaviour and their Action.

I have added in this Edition a Scene in the Beginning of the second Act, and two Speeches in the last Scene of the third Act, as they stood originally in the Play.



PROLOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO strike the Soul with Horror, and Surprise,
Our Barns we burn, our fiery Dragon flies:
With Gods and Goddessees we fill the Scene,
Who dance—— at the Command of Harlequin:
And if these fail a crowded House to bring,
Our Heroines warble, and our Heroes sing.
Cæsar, Othello, Brutus, and Mackbeth
Shrink at the Names of Hunter and Mackhoath,
By these all Tastes at once we reconcile;
The Galleries clap, but where the Boxes smile;
Wits, Ideots, Courtiers, Clowns in these accord;
For Tom can sing a Ballad like my Lord.
Nurse too may now the Tutor's Part engage,
And breed your Sons, without the Latin Page,
In all the useful Knowledge of the Age.

Hard therefore is the Task of those who write,
To please a Town fantastick, yet polite.
Sparing of Praise, to every Fault severe,
Tir'd with what once you could with Raptures bear.

Our trembling Bard to please you much would strive,
And humbly begs you'd let his First-born live.
Some Hopes he has you will his Work approve;
His Hero burns with Liberty, and Love.

With

PROLOGUE

*With Liberty, each manly Briton's Care,
With Love, inspir'd by every British Fair.*

*Attentive then the Grecian Patriot view,
While, strict the Paths of Virtue to pursue,
Nor Love, nor Friendship, nor the Ties of Blood
Abate his Ardor for the publick Good.*

*While every Breast receives the glorious Flame,
And bounds at Liberty's enchanting Name,
Think on those Heroes, who the Blessing brought;
For this Nassau, for this your Marlbro' fought:
For this—— But aw'd with reverential Fear,
The Muse the glorious Subject must forbear.
They who with Pleasure Peace and Freedom give,
With Pain the Tribute of our Praise receive.*





A

PROLOGUE

Written by a Friend, and design'd to have been
Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

TO mend the Manners, and reform the Age,
To banish each new Folly from the Stage,
Let Beggars to their proper Posts repair,
Nor Newgate Scenes defile the Theatre;
Let Farce and Operas fall into Disgrace,
Let Sense once more resume her Native Place.

To-night, a Grecian on our Stage will shine,
That fires with Liberty each glowing Line.
Let others regularly rise to Fame,
By painful Steps, acquire a glorious Name;
At once Timoleon opens to our View,
The Man, the Hero, and the Patriot too.

Our Author here, to please the Fair, has shewn
A Hero and a Lover join'd in one;
Nor were the Character indeed compleat,
Had he not sigh'd beneath a Heroine's Feet.
A kind, and constant Turtle we display,
That counts each tedious Minute, Hour and Day;
Her Beauties in her Heroe's Absence fade,
And Clouds of Sorrow o'er her Face are spread.
Yet, though a pow'rful Rival tries each Art,
To raise Timoleon's Image from her Heart;

PROLOGUE.

*Still all his Efforts ineffectual prove;
Too weak — oppos'd to Virtue, and to Love.*

*Such Scenes as these could once have forc'd a Tear,
From ev'ry Sympathizing Fair-one here;
But modish Pleasures now their Time engage,
Quadrille, that Trifle of a Trifling Age!
Can the Sex thus whole Days, and Nights employ?
Can they be thus enamour'd of a Toy?
While Otway's Orphan mourns in useless Strains,
And Row's Fair Penitent unheard complains:
Not his Jane Shore affects a Female Soul,
So near, as that tremendous Loss! a Vole.*

*Oh could such fatal Truths awaken Shame,
These darling Foibles of the Sex reclaim,
Without a Blush, the Poet then might own,
Beauty and Virtue here had fix'd their Throne.
Pleas'd had confess'd, his Heroine he stole;
Your Charms, too faintly, copy'd through the whole;
A Greek in Name, a Briton in her Soul.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Timophanes,

Timoleon,

Dinarchus,

Olinthus,

Orthagoras,

Æschylus,

Lycander,

Pheron,

Ghost,

Mr. Bridgewater.

Mr. Mills.

Mr. Williams.

Mr. William Mill

Mr. Corey.

Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Watson.

Mr. Roscoe.

Mr. Boman.

W O M E N.

Eunefia,

Cleone,

Mrs. Porter.

Mrs. Gibber.

Senators, Jaylor, Guards, Attendants.

SCENE CORINTH.



TIM



TIMOLEON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The City of Corinth.*

Enter Orthagoras, and Æschylus.

ORTHAGORAS.



YES, *Æschylus*, we must retire in private;
Retire, where ev'n our Sighs may not be
heard :

Complaints are dang'rous, when not back'd
with Power;

And Sighs betray us sooner to our Fate.

Æsc. O *Corinth*! O my Country! My Heart bleeds
For ev'ry Wound of thine. — Fierce in his Course,
The Usurper, like a raging Pestilence,
Breathes out Destruction, spreads Confusion round,
As if commission'd to destroy Mankind:
Like Death he ranges: Lust and Slaughter wait
His Will; and Desolation follows him.

Ort. Have we no Hope? Must then this stately City,
Corinth, so fam'd for Enmity to Tyrants,
Lye grovelling under one, one Lord alone?
Is there no Hand that dares to set us free?

B

Enter

Enter Dinarchus.

Din. Yes, here's a Hand: 'Tis true, my Friends,
it shakes,

With Age it shakes: But in the Cause of Virtue
Each Sinew stiffens, ev'ry Nerve's new-brac'd;
And, strung with wonted Vigour, it can strike
A Tyrant on his Throne.

Ort. *Dinarchus*, welcome!

Tho' on the Borders of Eternity:

(For so we meet, so hazardous is Virtue;)

I joy to see thee. Wherefore art thou thus?

Thy Hands thus stain'd with Blood! Whence dost
thou come?

Din. Whence, but from Ruin? Whence, but from
Misery?

Ruin pours in on ev'ry Side; and *Corinth*
One undistinguish'd Scene of Horror lies.

Æsc. Can there be yet Addition to our Sorrows?

Din. Flush'd with the Power he basely has usurp'd,
The Tyrant triumphs over Human Nature,
And insolently wantons in her Pains.

Æsc. But say, *Dinarchus*, speak! what Son of Ho-
nour

Is slaughter'd since, to grace the Sacrifice?

Din. The Man I lov'd! Companion of my Years!
Together, Hand in Hand, we walk'd from Youth;
Together on the Verge of Life we stood,
Ready to fall. — Cou'd they not stay a little?

Æsc. Ha! what! *Philistus*?

Din. But a Day will come,
Tyrant, it will, and Vengeance will come with it.

Ort. But speak! where is *Philistus*? why this Blood?

Din. Paying my Morning's Visit to my Friend,
I found him with the Fondling of his Life,
Losing his Sorrows in attention to her.

The beauteous Innocence, with filial Care,
Tended her poor, infirm, decrepit Parent,
Studious to soften ev'ry anxious Pain.

O gracious Heav'n! and must such Virtue suffer?

Æsc.

Æsc. Go on! and haste to ease my lab'ring Heart.

Din. The good old Man wept at the Sight of me;
We mourn'd together o'er our Country's Wrongs,
Her cancell'd Laws, her slaughter'd Magistrates,
And all the various Ills she groans beneath:
When straight, that Butcher of my noble Brother,
Pheron, the bloody, the relentless *Pheron*,
Assisted by another, like himself,
Enter'd, and seiz'd the lovely Maid, *Cleone*.
She shriek'd, and call'd her Father — the poor Father
Trembl'd with Age and Fear. — I trembl'd too
For her, for him, and for my Child *Eunestia*.
The frighted Victim still implor'd for Aid.
Rouz'd at the dear, known Voice, *Philistus* started,
But Horror and Amazement stopt his Speech.
His suppliant Hands he lifted — but in vain.
Collecting then at once his feeble Rage,
He try'd to grapple with 'em for his Child;
But oh! while *Pheron* fore'd away *Cleone*,
The other struck a Poniard to his Heart.

Ort. Ye Gods! can ye behold, and suffer this?

Din. The hasty Mischief baffled all Prevention:
However, waking from my Trance, to see
The streaming Coarse dragg'd basely on the Ground,
With Rage and Pity warm'd, I forward sprung,
And stabb'd the base Assassin of my Friend;
He fell; and falling, curs'd the Gods, and dy'd.

Æsc. If Heav'n assist not, where is Virtue safe?

Din. Have you a Virgin Daughter? sooth the Tyrant,
Give up the Maid to speedy Violation,
Or bleed the Victim by a Father's Hand.
How, my *Eunestia*, shall thy aged Father
Shield thee securely from unbounded Power?

Ort. How raging is the Lust of Blood, and Rapine,
With which *Timophanes*, this Tyrant, reigns!

Æsc. Ye gracious Pow'rs! can Man be thus abandon'd,

And not a Thunderbolt to strike him dead?
Arise, and hurl a swift Destruction on him,
And crush him at a Word — this Homicide!

Din. By Heav'n, he bears him as he were a God,
And Men were made for him to sport withal!

Æsc. His Looks betray the Fierceness of his Mind,
Where Lust, Ambition, Pride, and Envy reign,
And seem to struggle for Pre-eminence.

Ort. Yet Nature, as in Pity to the World,
The younger Brother, great *Timoleon* form'd
With ev'ry Grace that can adorn a Hero.

He-rises eminent in ev'ry Virtue,
As each were singly his peculiar Care.

Din. That glorious Youth! my Heart bounds at his
Name.

The Gods have sure design'd him as a Pattern
For what Man shou'd be; honest, brave, and wise.
So mild, that he scarce knows what Anger is;
So tender, others Miseries are his:
Yet firm, intrepid, in the Day of Battle;
Serene he views it, and directs its Course.

Æsc. When rash *Timophanes*, this impious Tyrant,
In the late bloody Conflict with the *Argians*,
Thoughtless of Danger, plung'd impetuous in
Among the thickest Squadrons, when his Horse,
Untam'd, and fiery, started at the Noise
And Horror of the War, bounded aloft,
And threw him headlong 'midst the hostile Ranks;
When Death on ev'ry Weapon glitter'd round him,
And scarce a Power, beneath a God's, could save him—

Din. O, had Heav'n then resign'd him to his Fate!

Æsc. *Timoleon*, with uncommon Ardor fir'd,
Urg'd by a Brother's Love, and Brother's Danger,
Shot like a Flash of Light'ning to his Aid;
Thro' all the Fury of the Field he rush'd
Resistless, and like *Mars*, dealt Slaughter round.
Amaz'd, they back retir'd, and kept aloof;
While his fall'n Brother covering with his Shield,
He stood the fearless Mark of all their Darts.

Ort. 'Twas worthy of *Timoleon* — Gen'rous Youth!
When may we hope to see the Hero come?

Din. The Treaty with the *Argians* is concluded,
His Wounds all heal'd, and the next Hour may bring
him. O!

O! if he knew his bleeding Country's Wrongs!
Swift as an Eagle to defend her Young,
Home he wou'd fly to save her. — But the Tyrant,
Cunning as Cruel, ev'ry way has try'd
To intercept *Timoleon's* Knowledge of 'em.

Ort. Yet, wing'd with Love, he'll haste to celebrate

His Nuptials with your Daughter, whom he loves
With an uncommon Passion — such a Passion!
So tender, that his Life is not so dear.

Din. She, with excelling Truth, returns his Love;
It breaks thro' all her modest Arts to hide it;
She sighs, she pines, she sickens in his Absence:
And when I ask the Cause of all her Sighs,
The Flame within her Heart flies to her Cheeks,
And, in a Blush, confesses Love the Cause.

Æsc. So exquisite her Form! 'tis Nature's Pride;
Pleas'd, and surpris'd, ev'n her own Work she views,
Fixing her Standard of Perfection there.

Din. Beauty she has — yet knows it not her self.
Free from her Sex's Vanity and Pride,
Her Care is to attend her Father's Age,
And sweeten his remaining Hours of Life.
But I, my Friends, shall tire you with my Talk;
'Tis Age's Humour, and you must forgive it.

Æsc. O thou Almighty! awful, and supreme!
Redress, revenge an injur'd Nation's Wrongs;
With Pity view her violated Laws,
Her trampled Rites, her butcher'd Patriots;
Hear suff'ring Virtue groan beneath Oppression,
Hear, and relieve it! *Jove* eternal, hear!

Din. O thou Almighty! awful, and supreme!
Redress, revenge an injur'd Nation's Wrongs;
Show'r down your Curses on the Tyrant's Head!
Arise the Judge, display your Vengeance on him,
Blast all his black Designs, and let him feel
The anxious Pains with which his Country groans.
But hold, my Friends, let us with Patience wait
Timoleon's coming, and the Smiles of Heav'n.
Yet in *Timoleon* there's a Gleam of Hope,

Darting like Light upon the anxious Seaman,
 Who long has view'd the Horizon thick with Horror.
 [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. Timophanes's Palace.

Enter Lycander, and Pheron.

Lyc. Pheron, 'tis well; the King shall thank thy Zeal;

Timophanes, who shews he merits Empire,
 By his great Spirit, worthy *Jove* himself.

Phe. But say, *Lycander,* why attends he thus
 The Senate's dull Resolves before he's crown'd?

Lyc. To please the People.

Phe. Please them!

Lyc. Pheron, yes.

Those Magistrates, who wou'd have dar'd to thwart
 him,

Slaughter has swept away: As for the rest,
 Of Means and Spirit impotent to hurt him,
 They serve to authorize his Deeds.

Phe. The King.

Enter Timophanes, attended.

Timop. At length, *Lycander,* my Desire's compleat;
 That Pow'r, which almost equals Men with Gods,
 I now may call my own: Say, is't not great
 To be the first distinguish'd of Mankind?

Admir'd, caress'd, gaz'd at by gaping Crouds,
 Who, waiting, smile, or tremble at a Nod?

Lyc. The *Prytanes* I've founded — they are right,
 Their Fears have made 'em plyant to your Will,
 To-morrow to the Senate they propose
 To crown you King.

Timop. 'Tis well. — Then, my *Lycander,*
 Luxuriant will we riot in each Bliss
 Thy Wish can form. Each yet untasted Joy,
 Each witty, wanton, gay, and revelling Beauty,
 Shall be our own.

Lyc. By Heav'n! 'twill be a Life

For

For Spirits such as ours. How does your Prisoner,
The fair *Cleone*, brook her seeming Wrong?

Timop. Her Tears (Beauty's expressive Rhetoric)
Like drops of weeping Roses from the Still,
In silence trickle from her melting Eyes.

Yet now and then bursts forth a soft Complaint,
Soft as the Murmur of the bubbling Brook.

Lyc. Her Father's Fate she knows not?

Timop. No, nor shall.

But see! the Charmer this way bends her Steps,
Like a struck Deer, each Privacy she seeks,
Weeping as if the Springs of Life were open'd;
Let all retire strait, unperceiv'd ——— away! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cleone.

Cleo. Where am I? ev'ry thing is strange about me.
Was I not with my Father? did I dream?

Or do I now? what Noise is that? my Father!
A thousand Thoughts, a thousand anxious Fears
Crowd in my Mind. [*A Flourish of Musick within.*]
Ha! Musick! let it play!

Here will I lye; here in Attention lost,
That it may work Imagination up,
'Till Melancholly cries, thou'rt mine. [*A Song.*] It wo'net.
In vain thy Melody! it cannot raise
My Sorrows higher, or sooth me to forget 'em.

Enter Timophanes.

Timop. How beautiful she looks! ev'n Grief becomes
her!

Grief reigns with silent Pleasure in her Face,
As if delighted to be dress'd in Beauty.
Lovely *Cleone*! wherefore weeps my Fair?
Joy shall again unveil those shadow'd Eyes,
Shall, like the Sun, drive hence those Clouds of Sorrow,
The pride of Nature opening to our View.

Cleo. How can I hope for Joy? where can I find it?
Disgusted with its Mansion in my Breast,
The Fugitive, I fear, is gone for ever.

Timop. Here shalt thou find it then within these Arms;

At sight of Thee, it plays about my Heart,
And longs to riot on that lovely Breast.

Cleo. That Voice, with all the Rhetoric of Love,
Speaks nought but Horror and Distraction to me.

Timop. Where is its Horror? when it soothes thee
thus

To Pleasures, which shall teach thee to forget
What Sorrow is? Come then — I cannot sigh,
Nor whine my Love in amorous Softness to thee;
I'm all Desire to pant upon thy Bosom,
'Till we dissolve in Bliss, too great to utter.

Cleo. My Soul's alarm'd as at the Call of Death,
And Honour sickens at each Word I hear.

Timop. What is the Honour of your Sex, but Pride?
But fear of a Discovery? fear of Shame?
'Tis this restrains the Pleasure of the Fair,
When urg'd by Nature, when with Wishes warm'd,
She languishes to Dotage for Enjoyment.

Cleo. It can do more; despise the Baits of Power,
And fly, tho' Grandeur court it to its Ruin. [*Exit.*]

Timop. Ha! gone! but let her go! she cannot far.
The Bird just taken, beats about its Cage,
Flies round for Liberty, but finding none,
Sits down at last contented with its Prison.

Enter Lycander.

Lyc. Well, does the Fair one, Sir, return your Passion?

Timop. Yes, but it is with Scorn; she shuns my
Presence.

No more I'll sue, but force her to be blest.
When tasted once, she'll thank me for the Pleasure,
And curse the Coyness that delay'd her Joy.

'Tis true, I love her — to Enjoy her only,
That's all my Aim — my Soul Ambition sways,
And leaves no room for such a Toy as Woman.
Women are but the Playthings of an Hour:
Too much of 'em unmans us into Trifles,
Like themselves.

Lyc. O that I cou'd love like you!
I am a fond, an amorous Fool: By Heav'n!

To

T I M O L E O N.

9

To gain the smallest Bliss from fair *Eunestia*,
With Pride, with Pleasure I wou'd run thro' all
The servile Duties of a Woman's Slave;
An Age cou'd doat, and think an Age well spent.

Timop. Strange! that she shou'd refuse you! I am
rough,

Unbred, unlesson'd in their Wiles——but you
Know each unguarded Passage to the Heart,
Can steal thro' ev'ry Passion to the Soul,
And melt it into Fondness and Desire.

Lyc. Fixt in her Breast *Timoleon's* Image lies,
Nor can my flattering Arts efface it there.
The Curst *Timoleon!* Bane of all my Peace!
As he will be of yours.

Timop. Of mine? he dares not.

Lyc. He dares do all his wild romantick Thoughts
Of Honour can suggest; you know he dares.

Timop. So great my Pow'r, 'twill awe him to Com-
pliance.

Lyc. 'Twill rather urge him to some desperate Course.

Timop. What, that can hurt my Safety, or my Crown?

Lyc. You know how much he is the People's Idol,
How zealous an Assertor of their Freedom;
He wou'd not brook an Arbitrary Power,
Tho' in a Father's Hands——nay, he wou'd scorn it,
If offer'd to himself——think then, O think,
What gathering Tempests from that Quarter threaten.

Timop. Advise me strait——what Method shall I
take?

Lyc. Prevent his coming; if he once returns,
There will be Danger in his Death.

Timop. 'Tis true.

O had I but pursu'd thy just Advice,
He now had lain with those who are forgotten.

Lyc. What cou'd that prudent Resolution change?

Timop. I'll tell thee——thou shalt see my inmost
Soul.

Some Nights ago, as on my Bed I lay,
Revolving in my Mind *Timoleon's* Fate,
And just had conquer'd the remaining Scruples

Of

Of Love and Gratitude, that last possess me;
 My weary Eyelids clos'd, and courted Rest;
 They clos'd in vain — Rest would not harbour there.
 Thus musing as I lay — a Form appear'd,
 Which cast a Gleam of horrid Light around.
 It seem'd my Father, as he dy'd in Battel,
 Each Heart-vein pouring forth a Crimson Flood;
 Dreadfully pale he star'd, and sternly frown'd.

Lyc. No more.

Timop. 'Tis true!

Lyc. Indeed!

Timop. Be still, and hear me.

Perdition blast me, but I saw it!

Lyc. What?

Timop. By Heav'n the very Image of my Father.

Lyc. Believe me, 'twas the Image of your Fear.

The self-created Curse of wavering Minds.

Timop. 'Till then I knew not what it was to fear.

But at that Sight a Terror seiz'd my Heart,
 Each Nerve relax'd, and stagnated my Blood.

Thrice too it call'd — 'tis true, I heard the Voice,
 Hollow and low, as sounds the distant Thunder.

The dreadful Murmur still is in my Ears.

"Touch not, it cry'd, touch not *Timoleon's* Life;

"To *Corinth* strait her Liberty restore,

"Repent, or soon thou'lt be as I am now."

At this the Phantom disappear'd, and left me.

I try'd to speak; my Tongue forgot its Office,
 For ev'ry Faculty was lost in Horror.

Lyc. Irresolution frames a thousand Horrors,
 Embodying each — but shall it be believ'd
 That Shadows e'er cou'd shake *Timophanes*,
 And change the settl'd Purpose of his Will?
 Have you seen Death in almost ev'ry Shape,
 Undaunted, unamaz'd? and hunted Dangers,
 As prodigal of Life? yet, start at Nothing?

Timop. Upbraid me not; once more my Soul is fix'd
 Hence with the Memory of these sick'ning Thoughts
 Once more I'm yours, direct me as you will.

Lyc. *Timoleon's* coming back must be prevented.

Timop.

Timop. And that must be by Death: it is determin'd.

Lyc. Once done, the People soon will cease to grieve.

Their Passions are but Bubbles rais'd by Rain,

No sooner rising, but they disappear.

Then seize *Dinarchus*, but confine him only;

Your Servant's Murder is a just Pretence.

Those two remov'd, you have no more to fear.

Timop. 'Tis true,

Tho' old, *Dinarchus* yet is active,

And may prove dangerous. — Then too, *Lycander*,

Then you may urge your Suit to fair *Eunestia*.

Then, when her Soul hangs quiv'ring like the Needle,

Uncertain where to point, on thee may fix.

To save her Father, she may yield to thee,

And bless thy Passion with a kind Return.

While I, my Throne confirm'd, will rise superior,

And wanton in each Joy that Power can give.

The Eagle thus, prepar'd to mount the Sky,

To the Sun's Orb undazzled darts his Eye,

And spurns the Ground with awful Dignity.

Exulting in his Pride, is pleas'd to view

The feather'd Tribe, admiring where he flew.

With failing Strength they tempt the wond'rous height,

But faint beneath the radiant load of Light.

While he alone enjoys the sovereign Sway,

Alone supports the Sun's encreasing Ray,

And joyous revels in the blaze of Day.

The End of the First Act.



ACT



A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Chamber in the House of Dinarchus.

Enter Eunefia.



L I D E on, ye Hours, 'till my *Timoleon* comes,
Glide swiftly on, as useless all to me.
'Till he arrives, Joy has no Business here;
With him it flew, and waits for his Return

Enter Servant.

Serv. A Stranger begs Admittance to your Presence

Eun. Conduct him in. — Who can this be?

Timoleon!

Grant but that, Heav'n — and I have all I wish.
It must be he!

Enter Olinthus.

Olinthus, Where's your Friend?
Where is my Love? *Timoleon!* Is he well?
O speak! For 'till thou say'st he is, my Heart
Flutters about, nor can it, will it rest.

Olin. The Gods, *Eunefia*, make his Health their Care

Eun. When comes he then?

Olin. This Minute brings him to thee.

Eun. Oh thou'rt a welcome Harbinger, art welcome
As the first dawn of Day is, to the Wretch
Whose midnight Steps a dreary Waste bewilder'd.

Olin. And see, thy Sun himself appears to cheer thee

Enter Timoleon.

Eun. Timoleon! — Yes! — My Soul!

Timol. Eunefia!

[*Embrace*

'Tis come; at length the happy Hour is come,
That gives *Eunefia* to my longing Arms;

'Tis

'Tis come with gay Delights, with smiling Pleasures,
With ev'ry Bliss that crowns successful Love.

Delightful Fair! — Eternal Spring of Sweets!

O thou art dear! — I cannot say as what;

Nothing is sure so dear as my *Eunefia*.

Eun. O my *Timoleon*! do not talk thus to me.

So great the Pleasure, 'tis a Pain to bear;

Yet do, talk on, for if I sink beneath it,

I will be for thee, and in thy dear lov'd Arms.

Timol. How shall I tell my fond, fond Passion to thee?

By tender Vows? by Looks? or by my Sighs?

But tender Vows, nor Looks, nor all my Sighs

Can tell my Passion, 'tis so wond'rous great.

O! it is like thy Charms, beyond Description.

Eun. Speak on, speak on; I cou'd for ever hear,

cou'd for ever listen to thy Vows,

That breathe such Transports to my ravish'd Soul,

So soft the Melody — so softly Sweet,

It wakens ev'ry sleeping Joy to Life,

And steals away each Passion — but my Love.

Timol. Yes, I cou'd talk on those lov'd Charms of thine,

Till ev'ry Echo shou'd repeat *Eunefia*,

As if it doated on the Name, like me.

Thou wonder'st at my Fondness — but, *Olinthus*,

View well that Face, and lose thy Wonder there.

Olin. Timoleon, no; old Age it self, that finds

A Folly in all Actions but its own,

Must justify a Love, where such Perfections,

Such Truth, such Virtue, and such Sweetness dwell.

will not stay to interrupt your Joy. *[Exit.]*

Timol. Farewell! I soon will meet thee, — O *Eunefia*!

Engaging Sweetness!

Eun. Yes, my dear *Timoleon*,

Here all my Fears I lose; not ev'n the Tyrant

Has Power to hurt me here.

Timol. Fears! and a Tyrant!

What dost thou talk on? What hast thou to fear?

Eun. O my *Timoleon*! summon all thy Reason,

Thy usual Strength of Mind, to hear a Story

That

That at each Word will wound thee to the Soul.

Timol. Thou then must tell it me. — So sweet thy Voice,

The Tale will lose its Horror in the Musick.

Eun. Take it at once. — O must I be the first To grieve thee thus?

Timol. I'm on the Rack to hear it.

Eun. Had not thy Duty call'd thee hence, what Woes

Might'st thou have sav'd thy Country?

Timol. Ha! my Country!

Eun. She is a Slave.

Timol. Say'st thou? a Slave, *Eunestia*?

Eun. No Tongue her Desolation can describe;
No Pen can paint the Grief she cannot hide,
Yet fears to show. — She's fallen from that Height
Where late she sat, the Arbitress of Greece.
Prostrate, beneath Tyrannick Pow'r she lies,
While Rapine, Lust, and Death, range thro' her
Streets,

And revel uncontroll'd.

Timol. Is't possible?

Eun. Cover'd with Heaps of slaughter'd Citizens,
She looks one general Grave.

Timol. Immortal Gods!

Eun. Each Patriot falls beneath some Russian's Sword;
The frighted Matron sees her Lord expire,
And shudders for his Offspring in her Arms;
While this, with broken Cries, or silent Tears,
For Pity begs — in vain — the reeking Poniard
Strikes home, and mingles in one common Stream
The Parent's, and the Infant's Blood. — *Olinthus!*
How will his Passions burst into a Blaze!
When he shall hear — his Father —

Timol. Ha! *Philistus*!

Eun. Is murder'd.

Timol. What! *Philistus* murder'd too!
Who is the Tyrant? Point him out, ye Gods!
For Vengeance equal to his monstrous Crimes!
But say, *Eunestia*, speak the impious Man.

Eun.

Eun. There, my *Timoleon*, deeper will it wound thee.

Timol. No; I this Moment cast him from my Love; I have no Friend that is my Country's Foe.

Eun. Suppose *Timophanes*?

Timol. What! my *Eunestia*?

Eun. *Timophanes*.

Timol. But say not that 'tis he.

Eun. It is, *Timoleon*.

Timol. Then I'm indeed unhappy!

This Blow I was not arm'd to bear. — My Brother! Can it be he? My Brother, did'st thou say?

Eun. *Timoleon*, yes; he has abus'd that Power His Country gave him; he has turn'd those Arms She took in to preserve her, on her self.

Timol. Fatal Ambition! how dost thou mis-lead us? Wretch that I am! I am the Cause of this; I, who have labour'd so to veil his Follies, And set his Virtues in the fairest Light.

Eun. The Virgins Cries, the dying Groans he hears Exulting, and directs the Soldiers Rage. Our Streets he purples with our noblest Blood, And riots in the Ruin which he makes.

Timol. Can there be such Impiety in Man? Inglorious Brother! thus to abuse thy Fame, Thy Country! — Well, if one must fall a Victim, *Corinth*, or He, there is no room to doubt. *Corinth*, I here devote me to thy Call.

O, if my Death can close the Scene of Blood, And Freedom, from my Ashes, rise to Life, At me, *Timophanes*, thy Fury aim; Let all the future Wounds thou giv'st, be mine!

Eun. O my *Timoleon*! what have I not fear'd, Not dreaded from *Lycander*'s impious Love? The vile Companion of the Tyrant's Riots! Lust is their Deity, their Sport is Murder. Where then can Virtue for a Refuge fly?

Timol. Think not but thine is dearer than my Life; I'll guard it safe. — Yet Heav'n will guard it too. *Lycander*! Durst he? But, my dear *Eunestia*,

For-

Forgive me, O my Soul! if for a while,
I chase each tender Passion from my Heart,
Fly from thy Arms, and ev'n thy Love forget.

Eun. With Pleasure I resign thee to my Country.
Be all the Passions of our Souls alike!
My Heart has caught the Fire within thy Breast,
And with a Love of Virtue glows like thine.
Go on, thy Fondness for *Eunefia* lose,
'Till thou hast freed thy Country. Then, *Timoleon*,
With Joy I will receive thee to my Arms,
And pay thy Labours with an Age of Love.

Timol. Thou Excellence! I'll study to deserve thee.
Thou can'st the rugged Paths of Honour smooth,
And lessen all its Toils. — But I must leave thee.
Corinth demands each Moment of my Time,
And cuts off all the Tenderness of Parting.
The glorious Work of Liberty compleat,
'Twill heighten all the Transports of our Love,
Raise ev'n thy Charms, and add new Lustre to thee.

Eun. How will my Heart exult to see my Hero!
While blooming thus, while ev'ry Virgin's Wish,
Rising at once the Father of his Country!
But, ha! his Life — O be propitious, Heav'n!
Appoint some watchful Genius for his Guard.

'Tis not one Life alone in his you spare,
But, saving him, you make Mankind your Care.

[*Exit.*

Dinarchus discover'd on a Couch; to him, Æschylus.

Æsc. How gentle is his Sleep! — Such always is
The Sleep of Innocence, in Youth or Age.
What Noise is that?

Din. Help, help, *Eunefia*.

Æsc. Ha! how he starts and trembles! I'll awake
him.

Din. Tear, tear the Villain off — O *Æschylus*!

Æsc. My Lord!

Din. What! who are you?

[*Starts up.*

Æsc. Your Friend.

Din. *Æschylus*!

I had thee in my Sleep. — But art thou he?

Æsc. I am.

Din. O *Æschylus*! I've seen such Horrors,
I shudder at 'em yet. — Such, such a Dream!
Another such wou'd plunge me into Madness.

I thought ———

Æsc. 'Tis past ——— then think of it no more.

Din. I thought my Daughter and my Self were
seated,

Where the glad Brook plays winding thro' the Grove;
The Sun-beams cours'd each other o'er the Stream,
Gentle the Stream, scarce ruffled by the Wind;
The Wind in Whispers breath'd; the joyous Birds
Rais'd their wild Notes to emulate her Song.

When strait a Russian rush'd from out the Grove;
He gaz'd with eager Wonder on my Daughter;
He seiz'd her; then I saw the little Trembler
With Hair dishevell'd, and with panting Breasts,
Kneeling for Pity to the brutal Villain.

The lustful Satyr star'd his monst'rous Purpose.

I wou'd have help'd her — but, alas! I cou'd not.

I strove to rise, but something chain'd me down.

I call'd for Help — *Timoleon's* Aid implor'd;

Thee too I call'd — and found — 'twas but a Dream.

Æsc. No more.

Din. I tremble yet.

Æsc. 'Twill soon be over.

The Waves, enrag'd by a tempestuous Wind,
Play for a while, ev'n when the Storm's at rest;
Then, by degrees, they sink into a Calm.

Din. But hush! be still! Hark, hark! What Voice
is that?

I thought I heard a Voice like my *Eunessia's*,

(But faint, as is the distant, dying Echo;)

Cry out — My Father — Why this Mockery?

Why this Abuse on one so old as I am?

Fye, fye! it is not well. — Hark, hark again!

Again it calls. — 'Tis my *Eunessia's* Voice.

Æsc. Indeed there's none; your Soul's the Sport of
Fear;

Forgive me, O my Soul! if for a while,
I chase each tender Passion from my Heart,
Fly from thy Arms, and ev'n thy Love forget.

Eun. With Pleasure I resign thee to my Country.
Be all the Passions of our Souls alike!
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(But faint, as is the distant, dying Echo;)

Cry out — My Father — Why this Mockery?

Why this Abuse on one so old as I am?

Fye, fye! it is not well. — Hark, hark again!

Again it calls. — 'Tis my *Eunestia's* Voice.

Æsc. Indeed there's none; your Soul's the Sport of
Fear;

These are the wild, disjointed Images
Of a desponding, a distemper'd Mind.
At such a time, broke loose from Reason's Ties,
The Fancy roves thro' various Scenes of Horror,
And sees in ev'ry Needle's Point, a Dagger.

Din. Death is too proud an Enemy, I find,
And scorns to meet an unresisting Foe.
Here may he come, secure of no Repulse;
Each Fort surrend'ring, ev'ry Strength worn out;
And ev'n the Heart, the Citadel of Life,
Tir'd of the factious Passions that distress it,
Opening with Joy to let the Victor in.

Enter Servant, with a Letter.

For me! ha! let me see: Just Gods! what's here?

Æsc. O Heav'n, assist his Years to stand this Shock!

Din. How's this? Confin'd! Imprison'd! all my
Effects,

The Labour of my honour'd Ancestors!
What, made a Prey to Violence and Rapine?
Despoil'd of all? ha! Stay! why be it so!
Why shou'd I wish to 'scape alone unhurt?
Secure alone, when all is wreckt around me?

Æsc. It pleases me to see you bear it thus.

Din. Bear it! why *Æschylus*, when Virtue suffers,
Who wou'd not suffer too?

Æsc. 'Tis rightly judg'd.

Din. I, and my Child, will go — Ha! what! my
Child!

Must she too suffer with me? Must my Daughter!
My Heart's Delight! its Darling! my *Eunefia*!

Enter Eunefia.

Eun. My Father! was it not your Voice I heard?
Mournful it seem'd, my Heart confess it yours.
It started at the Sound, like Men from Sleep,
Surpriz'd with an Alarm of Midnight Thieves,
And trembles 'till it knows that all is safe.

Din. My lovely Girl! must thou be ruin'd too?

Eun. Ruin'd! O no! I never can be ruin'd,

While

While I have you to bless me.

Din. O my Heart!

Eun. I shall be happy, we will both be happy:
New ways I'll study to divert your Cares,
To sooth your Grief, and calm your rising Sorrows.
When you are weary, and retire to Sleep,
I'll sit beside my dearest Father's Couch,
Talk to, and lull his troubled Soul to rest.

Din. Wo't thou? oh!

Æsc. Do not stifle in your Grief.
Speak! give your Passion vent.

Eun. What is the Cause
Of this? will you not speak to me, my Father?

Din. My Child! my Child!

Eun. O speak to me!

Din. I cannot.

My Passion boils, and bubbles in my Throat,
Choaks up, and stops the Passage of my Words.

Eun. Misfortunes are from Heav'n. We must be patient.

Din. Patient! — My Child, I am — yes, very patient.

Ha! am I not? I think I am — another
Wou'd have been distracted — O! So am I.

When will this lab'ring Heart lye down to rest?

Eun. Regard your precious Health, think not of me.

Din. Not think of thee! why thou art all my Care!
By Heav'n, had I been chain'd to a bleak Mountain,
Turn'd out a Wanderer, in a barren Desert;
Old as I am, I think I cou'd have born it,
'Till Death, the only Friend to Misery,
Had kindly set me Free: — But this — but this —

Eun. But why is this? May I not know the Cause?

Din. The Cause! ha! see it here.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Offi. My Lord *Dinarchus*,
My Orders are to seize, and see you safe
Convey'd to Prison.

Eun. Ha! to Prison! Wherefore?

Off. It is the King's Command.

Eun. The King's? the Tyrant's.

Din. We must submit. — Come, lead me to my Dungeon,

Shackle me down; yet ye shall find a Heart

Will rise disdainful of the Tyrant's Malice.

Mistaken Men! Betrayers of your Country!

By serving him, you make his Crimes your own.

Eun. My Father! must you go?

Din. Inhuman Tyrant!

To tear me thus from all my Soul delights in.

Off. My Orders are express — I've staid too long.

Din. Be speedy then to execute your Charge;

A Moment's Stay will fix me here for ever.

Farewel, my Child; we must part, *Eunestia.*

Thy Piety will merit Heav'n's Defence.

To Heav'n and *Æschylus* I leave thee then.

Æsc. I'll tend her with a Friend's, a Parent's Care.

Off. My Lord —

Din. I go. — My Child — I cannot speak to thee.

Eun. My Father!

Din. Away — I follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *draws and discovers the Senate.*

Pry. 'Tis time, my Lords, to check the Rage of Slaughter.

This we can only by Submission do.

Enter Timoleon.

Timol. May *Corinth* and her Senate live for ever.

Pry. *Timoleon*, for thy Service with the *Argians*, Thanks we decree thee. — Now, my noble Lords, The Senate is assembl'd to confirm The Sovereign Empire in *Timophanes*.

Lyc. By this you claim, and merit his Protection; And who so proper to protect you, Lords, As he, whose Valour oft has sav'd your State? Has he not fought your Foreign Wars with Glory? Has he not often brought you Conquest home, And kept Destruction at a distance from you?

Pry.

Pry. Be it decreed then to confirm him King!

Timol. My honour'd Lords! what! shall we court
the Yoke?

Sue to be Slaves? and bargain for our Bondage?

Is Life of such a Value? what! shall we,

The Guardians of our Liberties, betray 'em?

If you wou'd see your Country lye the Scene

Of Horror and Confusion; if the Cries

Of unoffending Misery delight you,

Tye your own Bonds, and league it with Oppression.

But I offend, my Lords.

1 Sen. Go on, *Timoleon*.

Timol. Have we forgot the Virtues of our Country?

Have we forgot her Glory, her Renown,

In rescuing Nations from oppressive Pow'r?

And shall we change for Infamy our Honour?

Our Liberty for Chains? Inglorious Choice!

The meanest Man who's Free, shou'd look with Pity
Upon a Slave, adorn'd in all his Pride.

Lyc. Why wou'd *Timoleon* tear up thus again
His Country's Wounds?

Timol. No, I wou'd heal 'em all,
Dry up each Tear, and soften ev'ry Sorrow.

Lyc. Your Judgment, noble Lords, at once deter-
mines

Your Danger, or your Safety.

Timol. Shame, or Honour.

Lyc. Our Magistrates, some have already fallen,
While Vengeance hangs impending o'er the rest.

Timol. And shou'd we fear to dye then? no, my
Lords,

Life is an Infamy when Freedom's gone,
And Death becomes the Object of our Choice.

Lyc. The Question is not for our Lives or Death,
But for our Country's Happiness or Ruin.

Resistance but provokes the Rage of Fate.

Prudence requires us then to own his Pow'r.

Who can withstand it? 'tis confirm'd so strong,

It looks with Scorn on all Attempts to shake it.

Timol. Looks it with Scorn? Yet there are Gods
above,

And while there are, let not our Doubts provoke 'em.
Vengeance is theirs, and Virtue is their Care.

Lyc. The Sword unsheath'd in Wrath, no difference
knows,
But preys alike on all. — Think on your Children,
Think with Compassion on 'em.

Timol. Yes, my Lords.
Let them not blush at our ignoble Deeds,
And brand us as the Authors of their Woes.
Let not our Names in future Times be read
The common Curse, and Shame — let 'em not say
That *Corinth* fell by a *Corinthian* Senate.

Lyc. This Zeal, which, tho' misguided, much I
honour,
The World will think but Envy in *Timoleon*.

Timol. Let it — While yet my conscious Soul
acquits me;
Ye all can witness how I've lov'd this Brother.
How still I love him. — But, *Timoleon's* Voice
Shall never give a Sanction to his Crimes.

Lyc. Is this a Brother's Part?

Timol. 'Tis a *Corinthian's*.

Lyc. What! to oppose the Senate's general Vote?

Timol. The World's, in such a Cause; the Cause of
Freedom.

Lyc. How ill Ambition brooks superior Pow'r!

Timol. By all the Gods, and by this awful Senate,
If I once knew this Heart contain'd a Wish
To reign an unconfin'd, a lawless Monarch,
I'd rip it up, to clear it from the Stain.

Sen. *Timoleon*, thou alone deserv'st Command.

Timol. *Timoleon* rather would be lov'd than fear'd.

Lyc. Thus then, shall we decree? to vest the Crown
First in *Timophanes*, then to descend
Where Merit next demands it — to *Timoleon*.

Timol. An Empire on the Fall of Virtue rais'd
Can have no Charms for me. What is the Treasure
Our Fathers toil'd to leave us? Liberty!
And shall we squander it away like Triflers?
Freedom! It is the richest Gift of Heav'n,

And

And shall we spurn it thus?

1 Sen. Thou Glorious Youth!

Virtue revives in thee, and makes grey Hairs
Attentive to thy Wisdom.

Lyc. Noble Lords—

1 Sen. Lycander—

Lyc. I am hush— I must submit.
With Grief I see the Senate blindly run
Thus to their Ruin— May the Gods avert it!
With your Permission, Lords, I wou'd retire. [Exit.

Timol. Let not a servile Fear unbend your Minds.
I will stand up betwixt you and Destruction,
The Torrent stem, or sink beneath its Fury.
I hold my Life but at my Country's Call.

1 Sen. Thy Counsel, noble Youth, shall guide our
Senate.

O thou hast sav'd us from eternal Shame.

Prj. Let's rise, my Lords.

1 Sen. Yes, rise with this Resolve:
To stand unshaken in our Love for *Corinth*,
Live with our Laws, or with our Laws expire.

[Exeunt Senators.

Timol. Ye honour'd Shades, whose Names are *Co-
rinth's* Boast!

Heroes and Patriots, the Renown of *Greece*!
Who liv'd with Glory, and for Freedom dy'd;
Attend, inspire, and fortify my Soul,

That I may keep your Actions still in View,
And steadily your shining Path pursue.

Each selfish Passion in my Breast dethrone,
And make the Cause of Liberty my own.

The End of the Second Act.





A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E A Prison.

Enter Dinarchus.



O W curst is Man, thro' ev'ry Scene of Life!

Our Life is one continu'd Toil for Fame,
Like Ants, we toil, and raise a little Mole-
hill,

That ev'ry Brute can level. ——— In old Age,
Hope — ev'n that too is deny'd us ——— Hope!
Youth's best Prerogative — its sweetest Blessing!
The poor Man's Feast ——— the sick Man's richest
Cordial:

In Youth, the Winds may blow, the Rains may beat,
Still green, still gay, still lovely does it flourish;
But, nip'd in Age, it droops, it fades, and dies. [*Pauses.*]

A little yet, my Soul, and thou shalt leave
This World, for Joys immortal as thy self:
With that Reflection, bear a little longer.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, I come commission'd from *Lycander*,
With Offers of your Life, your Liberty.

Din. *Lycander*! Who's *Lycander*? What, a God!
That he can give us Life? Where is his Pow'r?

Mess. *Timophanes* has granted him the Pow'r,
And he will do it; by the Gods he swears,
On one Condition.

Din. What is this Condition?

Mess. You have a Daughter ———

Din. Ha!

Mess. A fair one.

Din. Well!

Mess.

Mess. Lycander, Sir, compassionates your Weakness,
Your Age, your Grief, and hopes you think *Eunefia*
A slender Recompence for —

Din. Death! and Furies!

What, am I fall'n so low, to be the Sport
Of Villains? Recompence! Torments and Plagues!
I tell thee, Ruffian — O ye Immortal Pow'rs!
Let your avenging Thunder speak its Rage,
And burst with hideous Ruin on his Head.

Mess. Lycander, Sir, wou'd grieve to be oblig'd
To show that Pow'r, which —

Din. Hence! away! begone!

Thou art below my Rage. [*Exit Mess.*] O this *Lycander*!
Cou'd he not break my Heart, but he must tear
Its Fibres by the Roots?

Enter Eunefia.

Eun. My dearest Father!

Din. My Child! — Inhuman Wretch! he has no
Children.

Had he a Child, he'd feel a Parent's Yernings,
Wou'd know the Pangs that struggle in my Heart.
How did'st thou gain Admittance?

Eun. Æschylus

Has won the Jaylor, who was late his Servant,
To give free Entrance to each Friend of yours.

Din. And thou art come to heal my Cares, and cheer
My Age!

Eun. I am.

Din. O thou Delightful Sweetness!
Thou can'st dispel the Horrors of this Place,
And brighten ev'n a Dungeon. Damn'd *Lycander*!

Eun. What is't you start at?

Din. I will tell thee, Child.
That Villain! that *Lycander*!

Eun. Ha!

Din. I cannot.

By Heav'n I cannot.

Eun. What's the Cause of this?

Din. Thou art!

Eun.

Eun. Am I? alas! am I the Cause?

Din. *Eunefia*, yes, thou art the Innocent Cause;
Thou art the Victim that's requir'd to save me.

Eun. Am I? With Pleasure then my Life I give;
Nor shall it cost a Sigh, since giv'n for you.
Or, if it does, 'twill be a Sigh for you.

Din. Almighty Pow'r! hear, and revenge my
Wrongs;
Let your swift Light'ning dart its Fury on him,
And blast the Wretch. What, to insult our Woes!

Eun. What is this Grief, that is too great for Ut-
terance?

Din. Why, thou shalt hear it, Child. This Dog,
Lycander,
Has offer'd me — O Heav'n's! was such an Offer
Fit for a Father's Ears? he offer'd me
My Life, my Liberty, if I would sell
Thy Innocence, thy spotless Purity,
To Infamy, and his polluting Lust.

Eun. O impious!

Din. Nay, he dar'd; the Villain dar'd
To threaten Force.

Eun. Force! Just Gods! but stay — Death!
That's still within our Pow'r. Death can prevent it.

Din. 'Tis true! Death can prevent it, as she says.
'Tis justly thought. — Within I have a Dagger,
I've kept it safe for my last worldly Refuge,
In secret kept it. [Exit.

Eun. Where is *Timoleon* now? Why is he absent?
Methinks, by Sympathy, his Heart should know
Its fond, fond Partner languishes in Grief.

Enter *Timoleon*.

Timol. Where is *Dinarchus*, where?

Eun. My dear *Timoleon*!

Timol. My Love! where is thy Father?

Eun. Here, within.

A Slave he is to a thousand warring Passions;
Sometimes they inward work, like lab'ring Earth-
quakes;

Then

Then fierce, as Whirlwinds, rage and roar without!
His Age cannot sustain it.

Timol. O *Eunestia*!

Do not weep thus — yet can I blame your Grief?
My Soul! — But let me kiss this falling Tear.
O! it is sweeter than the Jessamin's Dew!
For ev'ry Pain, each Sorrow thou hast felt,
If possible — my Fondness shall repay thee;
And ev'ry Thought shall be to find thee Pleasure.

Enter Dinarchus.

Din. I have it in reserve.

Timol. My Lord!

Din. *Timoleon*!

Thou honour'd Youth! by Glory's sacred Name,
Welcome! I joy to see thee.

Timol. O *Dinarchus*!

I blush to see thee thus! I blush to think
I have a Brother, such a Foe to Virtue.

Din. Why, true, *Timoleon* — is this proper, think'st
thou?

Is this the Setting of a Life of Glory?
This loathsome Dungeon a Retreat for Age,
Worn down in *Corinth's* Service?

Timol. No, *Dinarchus*.

Yet *Corinth* suffers too; like thine, her Wrongs.

Din. But say, *Timoleon*; this *Timophanes*,
Is he not subject unto Pain as I am?

Timol. Ay, sure, *Dinarchus*.

Din. Must he not perish too?
And rot into Corruption?

Timol. Certainly.

Din. What will they then avail him in the Grave?
His various Policies, refin'd Devices,
His subtle Wit, his quick capacious Thought?
Will they go with him to the Grave? No, no!
Why then shou'd he be proud? Unthinking Wretch!
Proud! what! of a momentary Power
T'oppress Mankind! O trifling Vanity!
The Worm, he treads on, turns, as if to tell him

It

It soon will have its Fill of Vengeance on him.

Timol. Compose your Mind, *Dinarchus*. Rest assur'd,
Your Wrongs shall be redrest, and ev'ry Sorrow
Shall be — but hush — we are observ'd — retire,
Where I may safely pour into thy Mind
Balm, that will heal the Wounds thy Grief has made.

Din. Come, let us seek a Corner of the Dungeon
To sooth our Sorrows, 'twill besit our Thoughts.
Let proud Prosperity encircled go
With Crowds of Folly, watching ev'ry Motion;
Unseen, unheard, we will retire to Death;
For no one counts the Steps of Misery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace Garden.*

Enter Timophanes and Lycander.

Timop. *Lycander*, true! Blood only can secure
What Blood has gain'd; and I will wade thro' Seas,
Thro' Seas of Blood, but I will keep my Crown.
What is our Pow'r, if on precarious Terms
'Tis poorly held? — While we must fear its Loss,
Is there Enjoyment? No: Distrust and Dangers
Crowd in, and shuffle out our Peace of Mind.

Lyc. *Timoleon's* coming puts the Whole to hazard;
Sorrow and Joy their seats of Empire change;
Our Friends begin to droop, while his revive,
And those who whisper'd, speak their Grief aloud.

Timop. Ha! dare they?

Lyc. Yes. Where-e'er he goes along,
They hang upon his Sight; nay, ev'n old Age
Presses amid the Throng, and like a Child,
Leaps in an Ecstasy at seeing him.

Timop. Ha! this Sedition grows; but I will crush it,
Ev'n in its Infancy. Say, dost thou know
Why in Disguise he enter'd into *Corinth*?

Lyc. I know not; but 'tis said, it was to shun
The Praises of the People; therefore they cry,
He merits them the more.

Timop. By Heav'n! a Crown
Can give no Lustre when *Timoleon's* by:

He

He casts a Shade o'er ev'ry Act of mine.

Lyc. Already has he drawn the Senate from you.

The *Prytanes*, unable to resist

The Torrent of his Eloquence, gave way,

And basely lost their Duty in their Fears.

Timop. This was thy Counsel, to depend on them.

I wou'd have burnt the Senate, and have chose

That Fire to light me to my Throne. The Cowards!

But they shall feel my Wrath.—This Way, *Lycander*.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter Olinthus and Æschylus, with Swords drawn.

Olin. Where is this Homicide?

Æsc. He's in the Grove.

Olin. Thou venerable Shade of my great Father!

Hover around me, till I offer up

This Victim to thy Wrongs; then to *Elisum*,

And Bliss eternal, fly.

Æsc. Will not *Timoleon*

Condemn this Haste, as a Distrust of him?

Olin. My Fury will destroy me, if delay'd.

I have a Tempest raging in my Mind,

The Tyrant's Blood must lay—O poor Atonement!

Yet it is all—— Where is this Murderer?

Enter Timoleon.

Timol. Wherefore thus arm'd, my Friends! What

Danger's near?

Your Looks, your Hands thus menacing Destruction?

Who is't you search for?

Olin. Tyranny! Oppression!

Timol. Here?

Olin. In the Person of *Timophanes*.

Is he not a Tyrant?

Timol. Yes.

Olin. A Murderer?

Timol. Ay!

Olin. A treacherous Usurper?

Timol. True! I grant it; but——

Olin. But what? Gods! Shall we stoop beneath it

thus?

Tame,

Tame, and unactive—— O, inglorious Sloth!
 Each Moment that we longer live in Bondage,
 Brands us for Cowards——Slaves—— for willing Slaves——
 Widows and Orphans owe to us their Tears,
 Matrons their Infamy, while thus we linger.
 If we are Men, why let us act like Men.

Æsc. Olinthus, right! If we are Men! We are not,
 But Beasts and Drudges ram'd by Injuries,
 Or we shou'd never bear it.

Olin. Bear it! No!

We will not. Have we lost our Sense of Freedom?
 Are we so impotent of Pow'r to right us?
 Have we not Bosoms swelling with our Wrongs?
 Are not our Wrongs sufficient to excite
 A Mutiny, ev'n in the Minds of Infants,
 And urge our timorous Virgins to redress 'em?

Timol. My Heart, like yours, akes for my Country's
 Woes,

And yerns to give her Ease—— but think a Moment,
 Be not too rash——let us not cast away
 Those Lives, that are the only Hopes of *Corinth*.
 Our Passions——

Olin. Let 'em centre in Revenge.

The Sun's expanded Beams are weak and faint,
 But burn, and blaze, collected in a Point;
 And to this Point I all my Actions turn,
 My Vengeance——

Timol. Thou shalt have it.

Olin. Nay, I will.

Not all his Friends shall save him from my Rage;
 If unassisted——Be it so—— Alone
 I'll cut my way out to Revenge.

Timol. Thro' me?

Olin. Thro' all that check my Passage to the Tyrant.

Æsc. Olinthus, Patience.

Olin. Patience! Do you think

The mangled Wrech, fixt to the torturing Rack,
 Amidst convulsive Throes and Agonies,
 Can think of Patience? Ha! How then can I?
 'Tis Mockery to a bleeding Heart like mine.

Timol. *Olinthus*, stay!

Olin.

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Olin. And wherefore shou'd we stay?

A Mind at Ease, like yours, may talk of Patience
Displaying the Philosopher and Hero.

What do you suffer 'midst the general Wrongs?

'Tis not your Cause——Your Family and you
Gain by our Loss, and rise by *Corinth's* Fall.

Timol. Olinthus, from my Soul I pity thee;
Pity thy racking, agonizing Pains.

For oh! so well I know thy honest Heart,

Nothing but Sorrow workt up to Distraction

Cou'd make thee wrong me thus. What do I gain?

What Pow'r, what Titles! No, my Friend; I tell thee,

That all the Honours which this World can give,

If built on the Destruction of one Man,

Timoleon would reject.

Olin. What have I said?

Rage, Duty, Grief, Revenge, and Pity meeting,

Raise up a Hurricane within my Soul,

That puts out ev'ry Light of Reason in me.

Can you forgive me?

Timol. Yes, and pity thee.

Olin. My Father!

Timol. 'Tis a World to suffer in:

But be assur'd, my Friend, I suffer with thee.

Thy Grief is here, it festers in my Bosom;

I feel it all.

Æsc. Timoleon! Noble Lord!

Thy Country begs her Liberty of thee.

From thee she seeks Redress of all her Wrongs;

Of thee she asks her Peace, her Laws, her Altars.

Olin. From thee she hopes, of thee demands Re-
venge,

Revenge, for all her slaughter'd Sons and Heroes.

Timol. O *Æschylus!* *Olinthus!* Friends! Believe me,

And witness *Jove!* be witness ev'ry God!

If in *Timoleon's* Pow'r our Freedom lies,

Let Death in its most ghastly Forms surround me,

I will not take one Moment's Pause to think.

Æsc. Thro' this embower'd Vista view the Tyrant;

Sullen and pensive issuing from yon Gloom.

This Way he bends his Steps.

Timol.

Timol. Retire, my Friends,
Unseen retire——Trust all your Cares with me,
They are my own.

Olin. I trust thee with my Vengeance. [Exeunt.]

Timol. Retire with speed; he comes——Be firm,
my Temper,
Firm as a Rock, that I may meet unruff'd
This bold, bad Man.—O Heav'n! that I shou'd live
To call a Brother so!

Enter Timophanes.

Timop. *Timoleon!*

Timol. Yes, thou may'st start, *Timophanes*; a Mind
So plung'd in Guilt, is never free from Fear.

Timop. From Fear? Of thee?

Timol. Of ev'ry one thou'st wrong'd.
And thou hast wrong'd thy Brother.

Timop. Wrong'd thee! Ha!

Timol. Me thou hast wrong'd, ungrateful as thou art,
Ungrateful to thy Brother, and thy Friend!
And oh! ungrateful to thy Country too!

Timop. *Timoleon!*——

Timol. Treacherous to thy Vows and Trust!
To insult o'er ev'ry Law divine and human,
Usurp a Power, which neither Heav'n approves,
Nor Earth can bear.

Timop. Hold! for thou know'st my Temper,
And therefore thou shou'dst fear to urge it thus.
Tho' Heav'n, tho' Earth combine, I will maintain
The Crown I wear, and shew that I deserve it.

Timol. What is this Pow'r, whose Lust enflames you so?
Is it to be a King? To range unquestion'd
Thro' each dark Maze of Guilt, of Death, and Rapine?
Is't to dissolve in Softness, and in Riots?
Is it to reign o'er Ignorance and Vice?
For Wisdom droops where Tyranny prevails.
Oppression ever is the Grave of Virtue.
If there is one, who's form'd to be a King,
He must be wise, be merciful, and brave;
Of Virtue, Learning, and of Arts the Patron;

Stu-

Studious his Country's Interest to know,
And active to pursue it ——— Just to his Word,
Courteous, familiar to his People's View,
Hope of th' Opprest, and Dread of the Oppressor.
This is a King; he is a Father too,
The publick Father; for, where Kings shou'd reign,
He seeks his Empire in the People's Hearts.

Timop. Be it thy Province to amuse thy self
With vain Distinctions! mine, to enjoy my Pow'r!
Pow'r! 'tis the fav'rite Attribute of Gods,
Who look with Smiles on Men, who can aspire
To Copy them ——— If there are Gods, they Smile.

Timol. If there are Gods! — The Wretch who dares
to doubt,
Who Moral Good and Ill thinks empty Names,
Can see no Crimes, and therefore acts 'em all.

Timop. Timoleon, hear me! for thy own sake, hear
me!

And weigh a Brother's Love by what I offer.
With me thou shalt enjoy the Regal Pow'r;
With me! ———

Timol. Hold! no more! I must not hear thee.
The Man, who pauses on his Honesty,
Wants little of the Villain. Cou'dst thou think
Timoleon wou'd not startle at Corruption?
The impious Man, who sells his Country's Freedom,
Makes all the Guilt of Tyranny his own.
His are her Slaughters, her Oppressions his.
Just Heav'n! reserve your choicest Plagues for him,
And blast the Venal Wretch!

Timop. What is this Honour?
What is it? 'Tis a silly, vain Opinion,
That hangs but on the Rabble's idle Breath.
For them we court it, yet by them 'tis scorn'd.
Ev'n thou, so fond of popular Applause,
May'st one Day find thy Services return'd
With factious Wranglings, insolent Upbraidings,
Thy Actions censur'd, and thy self accus'd.

Timol. O may I live to hail that happy Day,
When *Corinth*, freed by her *Timoleon's* Means,
D Shall

Shall dare, ev'n by the lowest of her Sons
T'accuse, condemn, and punish her Restorer,
If willingly he strays from Virtue's Laws!

Timop. Stupid and vain!

Is this thy Way to Glory, and to Fame?

Timol. Heav'n judge me, if I'm covetous of Glory!
Of any, but restoring to Mankind
'Their Laws, their Freedom! — What is Fame, or
Grandeur?

If Honour must be the Ignoble Barter?
Know, that *Timoleon* thinks it nobler far
To raise declining Virtue, and support
A sinking State, than hold a World in Chains.

Timop. No more — If Safety be thy Choice, no
more.

Timol. Safety! I scorn the mean, inglorious Thought.
No, in the Name of Liberty I stand,
A Foe to Tyrants.

Timop. And a Foe to me?

Timol. To thee! O, no! *Timophanes*! I'd save thee,
If possible, wou'd save thee.

Timop. No, 'tis false.

Thou Traytor!

Timol. Rash! abusive Man!

Vain is thy Anger, for it stirs not me;
Unconscious of thy Charge, unmov'd I hear it.

Timop. Because thou hast not Spirit to resent it,
Coward as thou art.

Timol. This cannot move *Timoleon*.

These are not Injuries, while *Corinth* suffers.
Coward! remember — But I'll not reproach thee.
Thou art —

Timop. What?

Timol. My Brother.

Timop. 'Tis false, I am not.

The Kindred I disown, with Scorn disown;
Henceforth I will esteem thee as a Slave.

Timol. Yet hear me, for by Heav'n I yet wou'd
save thee.

Timop. Away!

Timol.

Timol. Ruin hangs nodding o'er thy Head.
Thy Fate's suspended but at my Request.

Timop. At thy Request?

Timol. At mine —— Revenge pursues thee,
Here it pursu'd thee.

Timop. Ha! who were the Ruffians?

Timol. What Action of my Life has been so base,
That thou shou'dst think I wou'd betray my Friends?

Timop. Thy Friends?

Timol. Yes, mine; Mine and my Country's Friends.

Timop. Dissembler! —— This thy Friendship! ——
hence, thou Trifler!

Timol. *Timophanes*, I leave thee to thy Choice;
And think, O think! thou hast not long to chuse,
Thy Death, or Life, thy Infamy, or Honour. [*Exit.*

Timop. Ha! what! am I a King, and menac'd thus?
Who are these lurking Traytors? —— But no matter.

Let 'em Conspire; I'll meet 'em like my self.

Since they dare murmur; like an Angry God,

Dreadful I'll rise, and bow 'em to my Nod.

Singly will stand the *Atlas* of the State,

With Mind intrepid, scornful of their Hate,

Affert my Throne, and dare opposing Fate.

The End of the Third Act.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace of Timophanes.

Enter Cleone.



HERE shall I fly? that I cou'd fly my self
Where find a lonely Gloom to hide my
Sorrows,
Dark as the Grave! O were it too as quiet
What! must I live to be the branded Mark
For Scorn's reproachful Finger! O the Tyrant! —
Gods, let him think like me, and be unhappy!

Enter Olinthus disguis'd.

Olin. Thus far I've reach'd unseen — now to my
Task;

Give me but Vengeance, *Jove*, I ask no more.

Cleo. What Noise is that? Each Whisper that I hear
Sounds forth, methinks, my Shame.

Olin. What's here? a Woman?

With Hair dishevell'd, and a Dress disorder'd?

Cleo. Again that Noise? Is there another Villain?

Olin. An Image of Distress she seems. Who art thou?
Turn, speak, I am not a *Timophanes*.

Cleo. Oh!

Olin. Is there ought that can assuage thy Sorrows?
What do I see? *Cleone*?

Cleo. Ha!

Olin. My Sister!

Why dost thou start? why thus avoid my Sight.

I am thy Brother — Come into my Arms.

Why dost thou tremble so? canst thou not speak?

Whisper thy Grief — or is't too great to utter?

Thy streaming Eyes declare too much. Ha! say!
The Tyrant has not dar'd to wound thy Honour!
Thou sink'st into my Arms. Villain! he has!
Blast him, avenging Jove!

Enter Timophanes.

Timop. So close! 'Tis well.

Madam, I see 'tis not a King can please you.
You have your Slaves.

Olin. Ha! what! *Timophanes!*

Cleo. O hide me from his Sight!

Timop. Slave! know'st thou not thy King?

Olin. A King! 'tis true.

And this thy Glory, these thy Triumphs, Tyrant!

Timop. Who waits there? [*Enter Attendants.*

Bear him to Death.

Olin. No, thus,

Thus do I fly to Death. — Curse on my Fate!

What! dye without Revenge?

Cleo. O Heav'ns!

Timop. Away!

Dispatch him hence!

Cleo. O stay!

Timop. What! for a Slave?

Shun me for him! my Love has wing'd its flight

At sight of this — and thou art now my Scorn.

Cleo. O had I ever been so! but, thou Tyrant!

'Tis Heav'n alone can punish Crimes like thine.

Olin. Why dost thou dally? Death is not so dreadful,
As is thy Sight.

Timop. Away with him.

Cleo. Oh! hold!

Olin. Why dost thou sue, *Cleone*? Life's a trifle,
I'd sooner quit, than hold a Gift from him.

Timop. Villains!

Cleo. My Brother!

Timop. Thine!

Cleo. Mine! my *Olinthus*!

Olin. And thy sworn Foe.

Timop. No matter ; be my Foe.
Observe, *Cleone*, what my Love can do.
That Life his Arrogance has forfeited
I give to thee — do thou but smile Forgiveness.

Olin. *Cleone*, no ! wrong not thy Honour thus !
Make not my Life a Barter for his Pardon :
Hate him to Death as I do, to Destruction !

Timop. Presumptuous Boy ! dare not to urge me.

Olin. Dare not !

Tho' all thy kindred Furies stood around thee,
And bad me Peace —

Timop. I charge thee on thy Life !

Olin. O for a Voice, loud as th' Eternal's Thunder,
To make the World resound, thou art a Tyrant,
A Robber ! Homicide !

Timop. Seize him again !
Such Insolence 'tis Cowardice to brook.

Cleo. My Fear and Anger combat in my Breast,
For Conquest of me.

Timop. What says *Cleone* ?
Thy Smile or Frown decides his Life or Death.

Cleo. What can I say ? how form my Speech to beg ?
My Passions rise impatient for a vent.

Timop. Why then away with him.

Cleo. O spare my Brother !

Timop. That lovely Look ! it melts my Anger down,
And tames me to her Wish ; it shall be so.
Remove him hence, secure him 'till the Morn,
And with Respect attend him.

Olin. Tyrant !

Cleo. Peace !

Olinthus, Peace ! tempt not again his Wrath.
To-morrow may secure thy Life and Vengeance.

Olin. 'Tis true. Be still, my Soul — farewell, *Cleone*.

Timop. Now my fair Enemy, can'st thou forgive,
And willing yield to revel in Delight ?

But 'till the Morn I leave thee to determine
Thy Brother's Doom, his Happiness and thine. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. My Happiness ! It must be in the Grave !
Where I may shut out Thought, forget my Reason.

Reason,

Reason, thou art my Curse — my Choice be Madness.
It fancies Pleasures beyond Reason's reach,
And is insensible of Pain like mine. [Exit.

S C E N E II. *The Prison.*

Enter Dinarchus.

Din. Furies and Torments! how they follow me!
But stay! there's nothing — 'twas my erring Fancy.
My Senses, with my Foes, conspire to abuse me.
Who, who wou'd bear a Being on such Terms,
As only make it wretched? — What's this dying?
It may be — no — perhaps it is not that:
Is it to quit our Thought? — O! if it is,
'Tis Bliss sufficient, when each Thought's a Pain.
Why then shou'd Mortals startle thus at Death?
Gloomy indeed at the first View it looks,
And black with Horror like a distant Wood;
But, enter'd once, it opens to new Scenes
Of Joys untasted, unimagin'd Pleasures:
And this can shew the Way. [Holds up a Dagger.

Enter Eunestia.

Eun. My dearest Father!
What! arm'd against your Life?
Din. Away! away!
Why wou'dst thou have me linger thus in Torments?
Perpetual Pain is a perpetual Dying;
Better to dye at once then.

Eun. O my Father!
If your own Life you think not worth your Care,
What shall, what can your poor *Eunestia* do,
When you are gone?

Din. O what indeed! — My Heart!
Wo't thou still hold?

Eun. Give me your Dagger, Sir.

Din. Yet when I'm dead, your Sufferings may cease.
Yes, yes, they will; 'tis me alone they hate,
I am the only Cause of your Oppression,
And this shall end it. [Offers to strike.

Eun.

Eun. Hear me! yet hear me.

Suppose *Lycander*, Sir, when you are dead —

Din. Ha! what!

Eun. Shou'd seize me.

Din. Let the Villain perish.

Hence with the Thought of Death: I'll live to guard thee. *[Throws away the Dagger.]*

Eun. Yes, live, my Father, live; and hope for Joys.
Some unexpected Blessing yet may come
To sooth your Cares, and charm your Soul to Rest.

Din. Strictly I've search'd each Corner of my Mind,
Yet cannot find one Gleam of Light within,
But all is dark — dark — dark — and lost in Horror.

Eun. This Sorrow fits too heavy on your Spirits,
It weighs 'em down — O strive to throw it off —

Din. I do, *Eunisia* — Yes, I do, my Child;
I chide it from me — but it clings the closer:
I reason with't, but Reason is too weak;
In vain I seek to force it from my Thoughts,
For like my Shadow it pursues me still.
A Shadow do I say? — O that it were!
That it were but a Shadow! — but 'tis real,
It is substantial Grief — 'tis in my Heart,
'Tis fixt, 'tis rooted here — here — 'tis distracting!

Eun. O do not, do not talk thus: think of Comfort!

Din. And is it to be found in Thinking, then?
Oh no! my Mind has rang'd from Thought to Thought,
From Place to Place, to seek it — but in vain.
At length it came unto the Court of Death.
In sullen Majesty the Horror sat,
Surrounded by a Croud of busy Courtiers;
Pain, Sickness, Frenzy, and ten thousand Cares,
Dreadful he lookt, yet dreadful smil'd on me.
He smil'd, and sent his Minister Despair
To tempt me in, with Promise of Relief.

Eun. Ye gracious Pow'rs! ye Guardians of the Just!
Attend a Virgin's and a Daughter's Pray'r!
O show'r your Blessings on my Father's Head,
Infuse your Peace into his troubled Soul,
And let me be unhappy — I can bear it.

Din.

T I M O L E O N.

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Din. I'll in, and pray. — Consider, Gods, I'm old,
Old, old, and weak — I am unfit to bear.
Lay me down gently in Mortality,
Forgetting and forgot. [Exit.

Eun. My trembling Heart!
'Tis cold, and sick'ning with unusual Fears :
And tho' I brav'd it so before my Father,
And check'd my Sorrows ; now, like troubled Waters,
Impatient of their Bounds, they rise, they swell,
Bear down the Banks, and deluge all around.
Ha! who is this ! Protect me, save me, Heav'n !

Enter Lycander.

Lyc. Why does the loveliest of her Sex retire
To Solitude, the Nursery of Grief,
Shrouding her Brightness in Obscurity ?
What is the Cause of these incessant Tears ?

Eun. The Cause ! I have sufficient for a Flood,
Eternal Cause to weep, when my poor Father
Is made a Prey to Violence and Rapine.

Lyc. Your Breast, *Eunefia*, is too full of Sorrows,
That with their chilling Damps contract your Heart.
Nay, do not weep. Yet lovely are thy Tears !
Come, let me lead thee then where Joys shall court thee,
Where Joys in circling Orbs shall play around thee.
Each Wish thy rich luxuriant Fancy forms
Shall be thy own — thy Father shall be free,
And thou to such a state of Splendor rais'd,
That Mortals shall forget where they shou'd bow,
And pay their Vows to thee.

Eun. Away ! no more !
My Soul desires not such an envy'd Height.

Lyc. Cruel *Eunefia* ! shun'st thou thus my Sight !
Permit me but to sigh my Soul before thee.
Will you not turn ? O turn ! yet frown not on me.
Will you not speak ? — yes, speak, but do not chide
me.

Where-e'er you look, you brighten all around ;
When-e'er you talk — how ravishing the Musick !
Each Hearer listens, gazes, pants with Raptures.

Eun.

Eun. To me, there is no Musick in such Praise;
'Tis Flattery all, the Fool's Delight and Ruin.
If ought can add new Horror to your Love,
'Tis that; but know, they are alike my Scorn.

Lyc. Scorn but usurps that Face, too fair a Seat
For ought but smiling Love. Love triumphs there,
O let it triumph in thy Heart too. Come,
Thou hast thy Wishes, in thy Cheeks they glow,
They swell thy Lips, and sparkle in thy Eyes.

Eun. Insolent Monster!

Lyc. I am all on Fire;
Each Look, each Touch enflames me; what must then,
What must Enjoyment do? O rapt'rous Thought!
Come, let us fly to some delightful Scene,
Shut out all Cares, and ev'ry thing — but Love.
We'll give a Loose to Love, 'till Fancy faint,
And each Desire is full — 'till we dissolve
In Ecstacies, beyond the Stretch of Thought.

Eun. Base and ignoble, to insult me thus!
To wrong that Chastity you sha'not wound,
With Words, that Modesty must blush to hear.

Lyc. Hence with this Niceness!

Eun. Sooner with my Life.

Lyc. Come, you must yield; nay, 'tis in vain you
struggle,
It is not in thy Power.

Eun. It is, to dye. [Takes up the Dagger.]

Lyc. What means that Dagger? What is thy Intent?

Eun. To plunge it in this Breast, and at a Blow
Prevent thy Violence, and assert my Fame.

Lyc. Thou dar'st not dye.

Eun. Not if I had thy Crimes.
But Virtue, when distress'd, can smile at Death,
And, as a Friend, embrace it.

Lyc. Come, 'tis Folly;
Perverseness all.

Eun. Touch me not, or I swear
By *Pallas*! by my Father's Wrongs, I swear,
The Instant thou pursu'st thy Insolence,
To strike it to my Heart. Yes, thou shalt find
Women,

Women, when arm'd with Virtue, know no Fear;
But Guilt, or Shame. — Dangers, or Death they meet,
With Minds more firm than impious Men like thee.

Lyc. Now then, to try thy boasted Strength of
Mind,

Unless thou seal my Love with instant Pleasure,
Thy Father ———

Eun. Ha!

Lyc. Nay, do not start; 'tis fixt.

Thou soon shalt see him trembling on a Scaffold,
Ready to fall beneath a Villain's Hand.

Yes, thou may'st shudder, for 'tis fixt as Fate.

Thou soon shalt hear him in the Pangs of Death,
Amidst his Torments, hear him call on thee,

Groaning in Anguish, My ungrateful Child!

Then shalt thou see his hoary Head dissever'd,

His Body tumble quivering on the Ground,

So worn with Age, it cannot leap for Life.

Alas! she faints. —

How sweet her Breath! Sweet as *Arabian* Gales,

That catch the Odours of the Fields they fan.

Ha! Yes! It shall be so. — Who waits there? *Pheron!*

Enter Attendants.

Convey her gently off. — Hush! make no Noise.

Convey her off unseen, to my Apartment;

The Night will favour you. — So, gently, gently.

[*They bear her off.*

How my Heart bounds! while Love, Desire and Hope,

In busy sportive Dalliance play around it. [*Exit.*

Enter Æschylus, and Jaylor.

Æsc. Carry'd away! by whom?

Jay. *Lycander*, Sir.

Æsc. *Lycander!* When?

Jay. But now; this very Instant.

You know his Power.

Æsc. Curse on his Power, and him!

Where is *Dinarchus*? Knows he ought of this?

Jay. No, Sir; he is within. — No, here he comes.

Æsc.

Æsc. How sad! how mournful! how depress'd he looks!

A sullen Gloom hangs low'ring on his Brow,
And seems the Entrance to the dreadful Cave,
Where Care and Sorrow dwell. *[Exit Jaylor.]*

Enter Dinarchus.

Din. I'll think again.

Where is my Child! my Daughter? *Æschylus!*
How shall I bid thee welcome to a Place
Where Joy yet never enter'd? to a Place
Where Horrors only reign?—Groans are our Musick,
And Sorrows our Companions. Where's my Child?

Æsc. Eunestia!

Din. Yes.——What is the Matter? Tell me.
Malice, I thought, had run her greatest Length,
Tir'd with pursuing such a Wretch as I am.
Ha! thy Lips shake! Grief rolls about thy Eyes,
Thy Breast too swells, and labours with some Sorrow;
O quick unlade and tell me! Is my Daughter——

Æsc. Your Daughter!

Din. Ha! Death sits upon thy Lips,
And tells me what I dread; 'tis on thy Tongue;
But say not she is dead.

Æsc. My Friend, she is not.

Din. I thank the Gods for that——Where is she then?

Æsc. She's gone.

Din. With whom?

Æsc. *Lycander* bore her off,
Unseen, unheard, by any but the Jaylor.
O Heav'n, display thy awful Vengeance on him!
Eternal Darkness strike upon his Eyes,
And Horror on his Mind. O let him live
Beset with Poverty, with Shame, and Terror.

Din. It may be so.

[Wildly.]

Æsc. He hears not.

Din. So they say.

Æsc. Wildly he speaks, and looks transfix'd with
Horror.

His

His Age must sink beneath a Shock like this.
Who waits there? Help to bear him gently in.

Enter Taylor.

Din. Ha! Who art thou? *Lycander!* Yes, 'tis he.
How like a *Gorgon!* — How he chills my Blood!
Villain! — Ha! — Yes. — I'll kill him at a Blow. —
Look! he approaches me: Who holds me thus?
Nay, do not stare; — thou sha'not have my Daughter!
See! he grins at me. — O, my Heart! my Heart!

[Sinks into Æschylus's Arms.]

Æsc. He's spent with Passion; bear him gently in,
Rest may restore his Mind. In Sleep, perhaps,
He for a while may lay his Burden down. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in the Palace of Timoleon, Darken'd. A Table with a Lamp on it.*

Enter Timoleon.

Timol. There is no middle way. I must submit
To see my Country sink beneath Oppression,
Or end it by a Brother's Blood. Hard Fate!
Thou Fiend, Ambition! what Extremities
Thou driv'st me to!

Enter Servant, with a Letter.

Serv. From *Demariste*, Sir.

Timol. My Mother! Scarce two Hours ago I left her.
What are her Orders at this Dead of Night?
What busy Cares intrude thus on her Rest?

Serv. Her Letter will inform you, Sir; I cannot.
But when she gave it me, she sigh'd, she trembled,
And was all o'er an Agony.

Timol. Just Heav'n,
Preserve my Mother! How is this? Retire.
Good Gods! But stay, here's more! — “ If you design
“ Against your Brother's Life, you strike at mine;
“ I banish you that Moment from my Sight

“ For

“For ever: And may all the Gods concur
 “With me to curse you.” — Wretched *Timoleon*!
 Curs’d by my Mother! Which way shall I turn?
 Heart-racking Thought! Never to see her more!
 What shall I do? Nature works strongly in me,
 While Virtue, and my Country, bid me strike.
 Listen then to thy Country, and the Voice
 Of Virtue — but — do I not strike a Mother?
 I cannot bear a Thought of wounding her;
 Or ev’n her Peace. — O thou un-erring Mind!
 Thou Light Eternal! guide me by thy Rays,
 Point out a Path, to lead me thro’ this Maze,
 Lest I should blindly err from Virtue’s Ways.

}
 [Exit.

Enter Timophanes, speaking to Attendants.

Timop. So; wait without. — But hold — *Pheron*,
 attend me

To-morrow, with your Friends: Now, where’s this
 Brother?

Not here! Retir’d to Sleep! It shall be so. [Draws.
 I will not trust it to another’s Hand.

The Stillness, Darkness, both conspire to urge me.
 The Season this for Murders!

Revenge! be thou my Goddess, steel my Heart,
 And guide my Hand to Actions worthy thee!
 Amazement! Whence that Voice? Beware, it cry’d.
 Nobody sees me, hears me. — Where that Voice then?
 Or, was there one? No; ’twas Illusion all!
 Why do I linger thus? Again! — Beware!
 By Hell! I heard it plain. — ’Tis no Illusion.
 Yet here is no one, that can see, or know
 The Purpose of my Mind. — What can this mean?
 No matter what — I was not born to fear.

[Going, starts back.

I hear it yet. — Hollow, and dire the Sound,
 As Winds thro’ Caverns rushing: Whence this
 Mock’ry?

Can Fancy (for it is no more) can Fancy
 Curdle my Blood thus? If I tarry longer,

I shall be soften'd to a Child. — But, Ha!
 What means this Trembling of my Limbs! O Horror!
[As he is going, the Ghost of his Father rises before him.]

Ghost. Beware, Beware, Beware *Timoleon's* Death.
 Hear, mark, and tremble at thy future Fate.
 Vengeance awaits thee; 'tis thy Father tells thee:
 Hear, and attend me. — O, my Son! repent!
 Repent, or soon thou wilt be doom'd to Torments,
 To endless Torments, never-ceasing Pains.
 I may no more. — Redress thy Country's Wrongs.
 Observe, Repent, Redress.

Enter Timoleon with a Light, and Sword drawn.

Timol. What Noise is this?

How! What! *Timophanes!* my Brother here!
 Why are thy Eyes thus fix'd? What means this Po-
 sture?

Thou look'st a very Statue of Surprize,
 As if a Light'ning Blast had dry'd thee up,
 And had not left thee Moisture for a Tear.
 Say! why is this? what is it thus thou look'st on?

Timop. Shroud me in Darkness from that grizly
 Horror,
 That ghastly Sight!

Timol. Where! What Sight do you mean?

Timop. Start from your Orbs, my Eyes, forget to see,
 Rather than see such Terrors.

Timol. What Terrors?

Timop. View him!

Timol. Ha!

Timop. See!

Timol. Whom?

Timop. Look where the Phantom stands,
 With hollow Eyes, and — Do not, do not look thus.
[Ghost disappears.]

Timol. There's nothing I can see. — What means
 all this?

This Visit! and so late! A Sword too! Drawn!
 And on the Ground! — 'Tis so, I see it now!

Timop. Must the Dead rise to shake *Timophanes*?

The

The Living cannot——What! *Timoleon* here!

Timol. Trust me, *Timophanes*, these Frights, these
Terrors,

Are all the Attendants on Usurpers Thrones.

The Man who rises on his Country's Ruin,

Lives in a Croud of Foes, himself the Chief:

In vain his Power, in vain his Pomp and Pleasures;

His guilty Thoughts, those Tyrants of the Soul,

Steal in unseen, and stab him in his Triumphs.

Wretched, distracting State! when ev'ry Object
Strikes him with Horror, ev'ry Thought with Fear.

Timop. What dost thou talk of Fear? 'Tis not in
Mortals

To make me fear.

Timol. Nor yet in Shadows?

Timop. No.

A Mind fatigu'd, and spent, may yield a little,

But when resolv'd like mine, cannot be conquer'd.

Timol. Think yet, and bless the Gods for these their
Warnings:

Think what it is to make a People happy,

To see 'em smile, and bless you for the Cause;

To see 'em bless'd, and owe their Bliss to you:

What Glory! what Renown!

Timop. Their Happiness

Is not my Thought, or Care: No! for my self

I reign, and they, like Slaves, shall live for me.

Timol. And who would reign, on the mean Terms
of being

The publick Hatred, and the publick Fear?

If thou art deaf to a whole Nation's Cries,

If deaf to Honour, and the Call of Virtue,

Yet think, and dread the Anger of a People,

Who fir'd by Wrongs, and by Despair provok'd,

May rouse to Freedom, when a Leader calls.

When once broke loose, their Fury knows no Bounds,

But like an Hurricane resistless rages,

Sweeps all away, and spreads a Waste around.

Timop. The People's Fury, as their Love, I scorn.

Keep thy Advice, I ask it not, nor need it.

Timol. Why then this Visit in the Dead of Night?

Thy

Thy Sword too drawn? Thou see'st I know thy Purpose,

But know thou too, *Timoleon* can forgive it.

Timop. Forgiveness! and from thee!

Timol. Why not from me?

Who wrongs another, makes him his Superior,
By giving him the Pow'r to pardon.

Timop. Ha!

Timol. Could'st thou e'er think, the Providence, I
trust in,

Would not protect me? Yes, *Timophanes*,

Were the uplifted Dagger pointed at me,

While I revere the Gods, the Gods will guard me,

Avert the Blow, and turn it on th' Assassin.

Here, take thy Sword, and learn to use it better.

Timop. Thus then I use it. Stand on thy Defence;

Thus I maintain the Power I have assum'd;

For Empire and my Crown, assur'd I stand;

That's the Dispute; be this my Argument.

Now, if I shrink for Fear, I am indeed

Unworthy of a Soldier's Name, like thee,

Whom ev'ry Tear can soften into Weakness.

Timol. If Pity on the Wrongs the Injur'd suffer

Be term'd a Weakness, be it mine; for know

glory in it, none but Cowards scorn it.

Timop. Cowards!

Timol. Ay, Cowards. The Brave are ever tender,

And feel the Miseries of suffering Virtue.

Timop. Away, 'tis Fear; thy Soul is Woman all,

And shudders at the very Thought of Dangers.

Timol. Dangers! I've seen them in their ugliest Forms.

I have seen them unappall'd;—I have pursu'd them

Thro' hostile Ranks,—where Death alone would follow.

Thou knowest I have:— but this is boasting.

Timop. True,

'Tis only boasting, for thou dar'st not——

Timol. What!

Timop. Thou dar'st not justify thy foul Reproach.

Timol. Dare not!

Timop. No, if thou dost, come on. I hate

This Female Tongue-War, and will end it thus.

E

Timol.

Timol. Away, rash Madman!

I wo'not kill thee, tho' thou art ungrateful.

Timop. Come on.

Timol. Hold yet.

Timop. Art thou a Man?

Timol. I am.

Have Passions too, 'tis dang'rous to provoke.

Timop. Thou, thou! 'tis false.

Timol. I feel them rise within,

And struggle for a Loose. Down, down, ye Fiends,

Timop. Thou cold, deliberate Traitor!

Timol. Ha! no more.

Timop. Yes, this——

Timol. Forbear ——

Timop. Thou art ——

Timol. By *Jove* the Thund'rer,

Another Word, and Fate obeys the Call.

Timop. Thou Villain then!

Timol. 'Tis said, and thus I answer.

[*They fight. Timoleon disarms Timophanes*]

Timop. Confusion! Rage! Disarm'd!

Timol. Thou art disarm'd,

Heav'n is against thee, 'tis to Heav'n I owe it.

What hinders now but that at once I finish

Corinth's Oppression, and thy Tyranny?

Timop. Do it, and talk not.

Timol. Does not Virtue bid it?

Do not my bleeding Country's Wrongs expect it?

Do not the crying Orphans, sighing Widows,

And sorrowing Mothers?—Mothers! ha! my Mother
She, only she forbids. [Aside]

Timop. Why this Delay?

Thou long'st to see me dead, then take thy Wish.

Timol. No, on my Soul I do not.—O my Brother

Heav'n knows, that, with the Hazard of my own,

Thy Life I'd save, if Virtue would allow it.

Here, take thy Sword; thy Attempt upon my Life

Is from this Hour forgot.

Timop. What's this I feel?

Is it Remorse?——No, 'tis not that; but Scorn

To be oblig'd.— I cannot bear the Thought. [*Aside.*

Timol. Once more, *Timophanes*, let me intreat,
By all the Friendship of our youthful Years,
By all the Dangers hanging o'er thy Head,
Think of the Crown unjustly thus usurp'd,
Think and resign it, and with that thy Shame.

Timop. No more of that, it ruffles me too much,
Untunes my Soul, and makes it Discord.

Timol. Hear me,
Yet hear me.

Timop. No.

Timol. I beg thee, I conjure thee.

Timop. My Rage, that's just extinguish'd like a Lamp,
Kindles anew at the Approach of Fire,
And bursts into a Flame. I must be gone.
I leave thee then to moralize at Leisure.

[*Exit Timophanes.*

Timol. He's gone!—he's lost!—*Corinth* or he must
bleed;

Then he is doom'd.—My Country must be safe.
Corinth, I come.—Thy Wrongs at length have fix'd me.
Nature, lie still a while within my Breast;
And thou, Seducer of a Mind resolv'd,
Compassion! hence!—thou shalt no more enslave me:
My Country claims me all, claims ev'ry Passion,
Her Liberty henceforth be all my Thought!
Tho' with a Brother's Life, yet cheaply Bought:
For her my own I'd willingly resign,
And say with Transport, that the Gain were mine.

The End of the fourth Act.





A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *continues.**Enter Timoleon.*

MY Mother's Fate depends on this; she tells me
 That on the Verge of Life she trembling
 stands,
 Ready to plunge into Eternity.
 But then my Country! she's a Parent too
 And can I see Destruction preying on her?
 See Lust and Rapine wanton in her Ruin?
 See it unmov'd!—— No, be thy self, my Soul.
 Let not the Voice of Nature charm thy Virtue,
 But stand up boldly to the Front of Pow'r,
 And strike Oppression dead; *Corinth* demands it.

Enter Orthagoras.

Ort. Timoleon, rise to save us and thy Country.
 Fate is at work, the Tyrant's Friends are busy,
 Whispering they meet, and threaten with their Smiles
 They smile but to destroy.

Timol. We will prevent them.

Timophanes remov'd, we crush the Faction;
 The Head once lopt, the Limbs will cease to move.

Enter Æschylus.

Æsc. Timoleon, rise; assert our Liberty,
 That Liberty, which with such ardent Zeal
 Our Patriots have maintain'd; for this they fought,
 For this they bled, and this we poorly lose;
 Gasping it lies, and sues to thee for Life.

Timol. Sues it to me! I'll save it, tho' I perish.

O *Æschylus*! *Orthagoras*! believe me,
My Soul akes for this Brother—— he must fall.

Æsc. Each Moment Fortune shoots her poison'd
Shafts,

Points them at thee.— Must I encrease thy Sorrows?

Timol. What is it? Speak, if it affects my Country,
So much I'm hers, her Sorrows all are mine:

If me alone, why speak, and I will bear it

As a *Corinthian*, who should only mourn

For *Corinth's* Miseries, for *Corinth's* Ruin.

Æsc. *Eunestia*!

Timol. What of her? Speak on, I beg thee,

My Spirits flutter at that dear lov'd Name,

Ready to take their Flight, if she's in Pain.

Æsc. While soothing with her Smiles her aged Fa-
ther,

The pious Fair was torn away——

Timol. By whom?

Æsc. *Lycander*.

Timol. Ha! *Lycander*! righteous Gods!

But whither? know'st thou?

Æsc. To the Tyrant's Palace.

Timol. I'll fly to rescue her. In the mean Time,

Haste hence, my *Æschylus*, rouse up our Friends,

And animate their Souls with Hopes of Freedom.

Bid them be ready to assert their Laws,

Their Liberty.— Then meet us at the Temple.

Where you, *Orthagoras*, go, first prepare

A private Sacrifice to *Jove* supreme.

Let us by Offerings and by Prayers obtain

His Smiles on our Attempt.— 'Tis an Attempt

For Life, or Death, for Chains, or Liberty.

SCENE II. *An Apartment in Timophanes's
Palace.*

Enter Timophanes.

Brav'd by a Boy! but he has met his Fate,
Let the Reward his Arrogance deserv'd.

E 3

Thus

Thus all, who dare but think to check my Power
 Shall bleed for my Revenge — *Timoleon* too!
 His Virtues awe me, but his Friends are strong:
 The common Herd too dote upon his Follies.
 To take him off, yet free me from the blame!
 It must be thought on — Ha! by Heav'n he's here

Enter Timoleon.

Timol. *Timophanes*, not only as a Brother,
 But as a Friend I come, an injur'd Friend.

Timop. A Friend! 'tis true, thou canst profess
 much,

Thou common Friend!

Timol. To Innocence and Virtue
 I would be one, and therefore am I come.
 Where is *Lycander*? where that lurking Thief,
 Who basely robb'd *Dinarchus* of his Daughter?
 And stole the only Jewel you had left him?
 Where is *Eunestia*?

Timop. Here, within these Walls,
 Safe from thy Pow'r, and lodg'd with better Friends

Timol. Dar'st thou then own, avow such monstrous
 Crimes?

Thus triumph in variety of Ill?

And yet not shrink at every Lightning's Flash?

Timop. I tell thee, I will justify my Deeds:
 The Traitors has conspir'd against my Life.

Timol. She! she conspire against thy Life! O! no
 Thou canst not tell how mild her Nature is.
 Tho' thou hast wrong'd her Father, basely wrong'd
 him,

She only importun'd the Gods for him,
 And scarce would curse the Author of his Woes.

Timop. 'Tis false. But be it as it may, I stand
 Accountable unto my self alone.

Timol. What! know'st thou not she is *Timoleon*
 Love?

My late-contracted Bride? hast thou not heard
 How much my Soul is wrapt up in *Eunestia*?

Timop. Yes, well I know, she laughs at all thy Sighs
 True

True, she dissembles Love, but to secure
Joys more substantial, which *Lycander* gives.

Timol. Inglorious Man! O! must I call thee Brother?

Thus to traduce such Innocence, such Truth!
Tho' all the Tongues of Malice join with thee,
They cannot fix one Spot upon her Fame,
Or make me doubt. The Empire of the World
She would despize, if offer'd for her Virtue.

Timop. Since thou wilt dote on such a Toy as this,
Observe how far a Brother's Love will sway me.
This Instant I will give her to thy Arms,
With all those Joys, with all that Store of Beauty,
Thou fondly think'st she treasures up for thee.

Timol. Haste then, and once I will confess thee just.

Timop. But on these Terms; that strait thou own
my Pow'r,

And join to strengthen it.

Timol. What! turn a Traitor!

Basely betray my Country and my Honour!

Timop. Your Honour! You may live encircl'd with
it,

Enjoy your Love ———

Timol. And be a Villian! No.

'Tis Infamy to pause one Moment on it.

Tho' my Heart hangs and dotes upon her Beauties,
I would not buy her Life on such Conditions.

Timop. Then to *Lycander* I resign her Charms:
Yes, thou shalt see *Lycander* revel in 'em,
Shalt see him in her Arms.

Timol. Distracting Thought!

Timop. See him transfuse his Soul at every Kiss,
At every Kiss her tender Lips turn pale,
As angry to be prest; then blushing swell,
With eager Wishes to be prest again.

Shalt see him ———

Timol. No: The Gods above have Power,
Will save her Virtue, and avenge such Crimes.

Timop. Leave her to them then, she will thank thy
Care.

Timol. O my *Eunefia*! how shall I preserve thee?

Timop. Ha! Yes, while he is here, —— it shall be done.

Where is *Lycander*? in the Grove, perhaps!

The Time presents it self——I'll seize it then,

And fix my Empire in *Timoleon's* Death.

[*Afide*

[*Exit Timophanes*

Timol. Can I resign thee? yet, 'tis for a Cause

The noblest, —— 'tis a Cause, —— resign thee! —— ha!

Eunefia, no, I will secure thy Safety.

But how! —— What Shriek is that! it sounded faintly

As in a distant Chamber. Ha! *Eunefia's*;

'Tis hers, perhaps. I'll fly, and —— Heav'ns! what here!

[*As he is going out, sees a dead Body in the next Room, starts back in surprise.*

Distraction to my sight! a Woman! bloody!

Drest like *Eunefia*! Dead! heart-racking Sight!

My Blood is cold as Death had check'd its Passage.

Another Look will stiffen me to Marble.

Dead, my *Eunefia*! what can Fate do more!

Again that Shriek! is Murder busy still?

But I will stop its Rage. O my *Eunefia*!

[*Exit*

SCENE III. *The Scene draws and discovers Lycander and Eunefia, who struggles to get from him.*

Lyc. Come, come, this ling'ring but provokes Desire,
And Expectation keeps me on the Rack.

Eun. O Sir! if Fame has any Charms to please,

If Virtue is not quite effac'd within you,

If e'er your Soul could know what Pity was,

By Pity, Virtue, and by Fame I beg,

Nay, by your Love, if ever yet you lov'd.

Lyc. If ever yet I lov'd! Yes, yes, *Eunefia*,

I love to all the extravagance of doting:

I sicken for thy Charms, thy wondrous Charms!

Come then, my Fair, —— And thou art fair, by Heav'n!

What Eyes are there? —— How pointed is each Glance!

O

O they are Calls to Love. — Those heaving Breasts,
They beat Alarms to Joy.

Eun. Detested Wretch!

Are there no pitying Gods will deign to save me!

Lyc. The Gods may envy, not prevent my Joys.

In vain you plead, your Anger has its Charms,
Fires me a-new, and urges on to Conquest.

Comply then.

Eun. No: To Death I will resist.

And welcome Death, that frees me from your Power.

Lyc. Death! yes; but thou shalt dye within these
Arms,

Shalt dye away in Raptures.

Eun. Hence, thou Monster!

What can I say? my Soul is all Distraction,
Lost in the Whirlwind of my Fears. Ye Gods!

Look down, avenge me on this brutal Ruffian:

Seize him, ye Fiends, and bear him hence to Torments
Hot as his Soul.

Lyc. And dost thou curse me then?

Eun. Curse you! may all —

Lyc. 'Tis well.

Eun. O no, forgive,

Forgive this frantick Rage; forget, disdain,
Abandon, hate, do any thing but love.

Lyc. Hate thee! impossible! I feel thee here,
Pant in my Heart, and revel thro' my Veins.
Hate thee!

Eun. I beg, O! on my Knees, I beg,
Forbear a Violence, that sinks me down
Below the meanest Wretch. O spurn me, kill me,
But do not kill my Fame.

Lyc. O, rise! 'tis I, 'tis I alone must kneel:
In softest Accents whisper your Consent,
O breathe it gently as a Western Breeze,
To allay the Fury of a Noonday's Sun.

Eun. No, Monster; here for ever will I lye,
Nor shall you drag me hence.

Lyc. Nay, then I must.

By Pow'r I'll bear you to your Happiness.

By

By Force ———

Eun. Distraction! Heav'n! help me, some God!

[*Just as he has drag'd her towards the Door,*

Enter Timoleon.

Timol. Ha! Villian! impious Ruffian! loose your Hold.

[*They Fight. Eunestia rises and stands trembling. Lycander falls.*

Perish, thou Villain! and thy Name for ever!

Eunestia!

Eun. Timoleon!

Timol. My Soul!

Eun. My Love!

Timol. How my Heart bounds with Joys before unknown,

To find thee safe, and think that I have sav'd thee!

Eun. O my *Timoleon!* how I tremble still?

With Fear I view the Storm I have escap'd,
And scarce can think I'm safe.

Timol. Yes, my Delight!

Here in these Arms thou shalt be ever safe;
Shalt ever find a Refuge from thy Cares.

Eun. Will not this justify my Passion for thee?
It will; and I will love thee to that height,
That the most tender of my Sex shall wonder,
And think my Love romantick. — Were Mankind,
Were they like thee, how happy were our Sex!
Each She, delighted with her generous Lord,
Would quit her Vanity, her Pride, her Folly,
And fix her every Joy in him alone.

Timol. Thou Flatterer! — but hold! is this a Place,
A Time for Love? — No, — my *Eunestia*, no,
This Softness must not steal me from the Care
Of Liberty and *Corinth*.

Eun. O *Timoleon!*

What Dangers are you meditating now!
May I not know it? what is thy Design?

Timol. 'Tis a Design thy Virtue will approve.

Eun. My Father!

Timol. 'Tis for him and Liberty.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Fly hence, my Lord; fly with the fair *Eunefia*.

Timol. Ha! Who art thou?

Serv. A Servant of the King's:
Not of his Cruelty.

Timol. *Egon!*

Serv. The same, my Lord.

Timol. My Father's trusty *Egon*.
I thought thee honest.

Serv. So will I prove my self.
I came resolv'd to free the fair *Eunefia*,
Or fall in the Attempt. *Olinthus*——

Timol. Well.

Serv. Is dead, my Lord.

Timol. Dead!

Serv. Yes, kill'd by the King.

Timol. Thou brave, thou virtuous Youth! Dead,
my *Olinthus*!

Thy Fate requires more Tears than Time allows.

Serv. Struck with Amaze and Horror at his Death,
The suffering, fair *Cleone*——

Timol. Ha! Go on.

Serv. Plunging a Poniard in her lovely Breast,
Cry'd out, My Brother! —— Yes, to Death I follow.
Now, Tyrant, sate thy Thirst of Blood with mine.

Eun. Is she dead too?

Serv. Too fatal was the Stroke.

In yond' Apartment lies the bleeding Victim.

Timol. I thought 'twas thee, my Love, distrustful
Wretch!

To think that any Power on Earth can hurt,
When Heav'n has made thee its distinguish'd Care.

Eun. My Heart sinks down, spite of my boasted
Courage,

And tells me, where *Timoleon's* Life's concern'd,
I am a Woman still.—— The Gods preserve thee!

Heaven,

Heaven, for its Votary, will surely rise,
 For the World's Sake, preserve its noblest Prize :
 First, in the Patriot's Band, thy Name shall shine.
 The Gain be *Corinth's*, and the Glory thine!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Timophanes, with Attendants.

Timop. What, no where to be found! Where then
 is *Pheron*?

Go, seek him out; be gone. Ha! Who is this?
 The Garment of *Lycander*! Yes, 'tis he.
 Why have the envious Gods thus torn thee from me?
 My Life's Companion! and my Throne's Support!
 Ill can I spare thee now. — Within our Chamber!
 Dare Treason enter here? Damnation! *Pheron*!

Enter Pheron.

Behold, your Friend lies welt'ring in his Blood!
 Who was the Cause of this?

Phe. My Lord, I know not.

Timop. Find out the Murd'rer. — By my Crown
 I swear,

With Racks, with Tortures, I'll repay his Death!

Phe. Unless *Timoleon* —

Timop. Ha!

Phe. *Timoleon*, Sir.

Timop. Say'st thou? — Furies and Plagues! it must
 be he.

Phe. This Instant, as I enter'd here, I met him
 Conducting out a Woman veil'd.

Timop. *Eunestia*!

Phe. So I believe, my Lord.

Timop. Retire, and leave us. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

What would'st thou, *Pheron*, to avenge thy Friend?

Phe. I'd stab your Brother; at the Altar, stab him,
 Before his Gods.

Timop. 'Tis just; nor shall they save him.

Phe. This Morn, I hear he offers Sacrifice,
 In private too.

Timop.

Timop. Fly to the Temple then;
From Danger, in *Timoleon*, free thy King,
And thou shalt be my Counsellor, my Friend.
I soon will follow to support thee. [*Ex. Phe.*] So
If *Pheron* kills him, 'twill be thought Revenge,
Revenge for his Friend's Death. I can disclaim it,
Nay, punish *Pheron*, to appease the People.
Then, in Security I'll fix my Throne,
And still the little Tempests, by a Frown. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A Temple, with an Altar.*

Orthagoras, and other Priests, stand by it.

A Solemn Service of Musick.

Ort. Almighty Sire! Parent of Gods and Men!
Attend propitious to thy Servants Prayers!

Enter Timoleon.

Timol. Almighty Sire! Parent of Gods and Men!
Jove Eleutherius! Liberty's Assertor!
Attend, propitious to thy Servant's Prayers!
Accept these Offerings for my Country's Freedom.

[*Goes up to the Altar, and makes his Offering.*]

Ort. That pious Youth! Ages unborn shall wonder,
When they shall read upon Record his Name,
Who, in his Bloom, scarce ripen'd into Man,
Can thus neglect his Love, condemn his Ease,
And make the Interest of Mankind his own.

Enter Pheron.

Phe. Revenge, I now will make thee sure; he kneels.

Timol. [*After Offering, kneels, with one Hand on the Altar.*]

O thou supreme Disposer of our Fates!
In thee I trust; O, guide me by thy Light!
That I may merit thy Protection here,
By giving Peace and Liberty to *Cerinth*.

[*As Pheron's Hand is advanc'd to stab Timoleon,
he is kill'd by Dinarchus in Disguise, who enters
at that Minute.*]

Phe.

Phe. This for my Friend *Lycander*.

Din. No, thou Villain;

Here end thy Murthers, and thy Life together.

Timol. [*Starting up.*] What Noise is this? What means this Outrage? Ha!

Will Murder enter here? Who, who art thou?

That thus hast dar'd to stain this Place with Blood?

Yet stand'st thus calm, and unappall'd? Who art thou?

Din. Heav'n's Instrument, to punish base Assassins.

Timol. Assassins!

Din. Yes; such is the Wretch lies there.

Timol. *Pheron*!

Din. The same. Up-lifted was his Arm,
Ready to plunge that Poniard in thy Breast;
But Heav'n, *Timoleon*, watchful for thy Welfare,
Sent me to save thee; and in thee, my Country.

Ort. But who art thou? Thy Country's Thanks
are thine,

Din. View me, and know me for ——

Timol. *Dinarchus*! Ha!

Is't possible? My Friend! My Father too!

Din. *Eunestia* then is safe?

Timol. Yes, Sir, she is.

Much she has suffer'd; but the Tale's too long.
For O! my Soul works busily within

To know what Pow'r your Freedom has procur'd.

Din. My Jaylor, of a Temper mild and good,
(Who, as a Man, can pity what Men feel,
And scorns to trade in the Afflicted's Tears)
Was mov'd by my Distress, and on a Promise,
Soon to return, and keep my self disguis'd,
Permitted my Escape. — Strait to the Tyrant's
I bent my Steps, resolv'd to see my Daughter;
When passing by the Temple, I perceiv'd
That base, that bloody *Pheron* ent'ring in.
Wild at the Sight, with animated Rage
I follow'd him. — The Rest his Death declares.

Tim. Thine is the Work, O *Jove*! be thine the
Praise!

[*Coming to the Altar.*]

Enter Æschylus.

Æsc. The Time, *Timoleon*, calls for our Dispatch;
Our Friends are up, impatient for their Freedom,
Panting for Liberty. Some I have posted
To keep a watch upon the Tyrant's Creatures,
Others are waiting at convenient distance,
In little Parties, to prevent Suspensions,
And ready for the Word.

Tim. Strait will I head them,
And lead them on to Liberty or Death;
For what is Life without it? Liberty!
My Soul burns in me at the glorious Call.

Æsc. A Spy I have within the Tyrant's Palace,
Who brings me Word he's coming to the Temple,
With Rage indignant for some late Affront,
He threatens Destruction at each Look around.

Din. Here is he coming! unattended too!
Here let us slay him then.

Tim. What! here, *Dinarchus*!
Shall we defile this holy Fane with Blood!
More Blood? and bring Pollution to the Altar?
Let us love *Corinth*, yet revere the Gods.
Let us not tempt the wrathful Bolts of *Jove*,
By turning to a Slaughter-house his Temple.

Ort. *Timoleon*, no: Heav'n will approve the Deed,
What can we offer to the Gods, more pleasing
Than base Usurpers, Foes to them and Virtue?
What can we sacrifice to *Jove* more proper,
Than Lust, Injustice, Cruelty, and Rapine?
One Tyrant's Blood is a more grateful Off'ring
Than thousand Hecatombs. ——— And hark! the

Thunder

[It Thunders.

Rowls from the Right, auspicious is the Omen,
Jove we accept it, *Jove* confirms my Words.

Tim. But yet, my Friends, let me in this prevail;
Yet try with me the power of soft Persuasion.
If he is deaf to this, I give him up;
Strike then for Liberty, not for Revenge.

Think

Think he's a Tyrant, but remember too,
He is *Timoleon's* Brother. ——— See, he comes.

Enter Timophanes.

Timop. Ha! is he living! *Pheron*, thou art false.

Timol. I hope, *Timophanes*, thou com'st prepar'd
To expiate thy Offences by Contrition.
Suppliant to beg Forgiveness of the Gods,
For all the Wrongs, thy injur'd Country suffers.

Timop. Thou Talker! hence, and mingle with thy
Priests!

Thou art a Tool, fit for their mean Designs,
Unworthy of Ambition's nobler Views.

Timol. Since thy Heart swells thus panting for Com-
mand,

Command thy Country's Armies — not her Laws.
Art thou so fond of Triumph? Triumph then
Over her Foes, not o'er her Liberties.

Timop. Thou Preacher! go — practise thy Elo-
quence

On Fools; they will admiring listen to thee,
And give thee the Applause thou want'st.

Æsc. Will nothing,

Nothing then sooth the Fierceness of thy Mind?
Nothing prevail on thee to close the Wounds
Of thy poor bleeding Country? will not Virtue? —

Timol. Will not the Voice of Nature? will not Ho-
nour?

Will not the Prayers of Man?

Ort. Nor fear of Heaven?

Timop. Ha! what, another? am I to be baited? —
But ye shall find a Lion in the Toils.

Ort. Full of thy Fate, *Timophanes*, I speak,
Hear the Decree of Heav'n.

Timop. Away, thou Dreamer!

Hence with thy idle Prophecies! Nor thou,
Nor all thy Gods, shall make me change my Purpose.
In vain your Omens, vain are all your Threats,
Their Pow'r is lost on me! Still I'm my self,
Timophanes, your Lord.

Ort. I tell thee yet,

The

The Gods uplifted Vengeance hangs impending,
Ready to fall, and crush thee into Ruin.

O! think what certain Woes will be thy Doom,
When waiting Furies and surrounding Fiends
Shall heighten all the Horrors of thy Mind.

Timop. Since thou hast found thy talking was in vain,
Bring'st thou thy Friends to preach me from my Power,
My Royalty!

Timol. Thy ill-got Royalty,
Thy Power assum'd, not giv'n; thy Usurpation:
Think of the dreadful Cares in which it lives.

Æsc. Think to what Fears, what Dangers 'tis expos'd.

Ort. Think of the Infamy it leaves behind.

Timol. What are its Pleasures? They are Cankers all.

Æsc. What are its Trophies, but the Tears of Virtue?

Din. What are its Titles? Parricide, and Tyrant!

Timop. Ha! who art thou? But I will bend ye all,
Will make ye know, and own me for your King.

Ort. Thou see'st 'tis all in vain, [*Aside to Timoleon.*

Timol. A Minute longer.

Yet see, *Timophanes*, behold these Tears,
They fall for thee.

Timop. Thou Woman! I despise them,
As I do thee.

Timol. I beg thee, I conjure thee,
Make some Atonement to thy suffering Country,
Yet do it while 'tis in our Power to save thee.

Timop. Your Power to save me! By my Majesty,
The Wrongs you offer it you shall repent,
Shall all repent. Rouze up then, my Revenge.

Timol. I beg thee, by a Brother's Love.

Timop. Away,
Thou servile Fawner! hang not on my Robe.
Think'st thou I'm to be soften'd like a Girl,
By Tears, by Prayers? *Timophanes*, at these,
As well as Dangers, stands alike unmov'd.

Timol. By Friendship!

Timop. Hence!

Timol. By Glory!

Æsc. By Virtue!

Timol. By thy Country!

Ort. By the Gods!

Timol. We do conjure thee, save thy self and *Corinth*.

Timop. Be gone, or by the Fire within my Breast
'Twill rage to your undoing. Hence! or else
This Instant is your Death.

Ort. Can nothing move thee?

Æsc. Is all in vain?

Timol. I give thee to thy Fate.
Liberty! Freedom!— O *Timophanes*!

[*Here Timoleon throws his Mantle over his Face,*
while the others dispatch Timophanes.

Din. Liberty!

Æsc. Freedom!

Ort. *Corinth* now is free.

Din. Tyranny bleeds, Oppression is no more.
Such ever be the Fate of lawless Power!
Such be the Fate of Violence and Rapine!

Ort. Such ever be the Fate of bold Usurpers!

Æsc. Such be the Fate of Parricides and Tyrants!

Ort. Ambition, thou art fallen. Remove the Body.
His Crimes and *Corinth's* Woes be bury'd with him.
Support *Timoleon*. View that Godlike Youth,
Who weeps the Brother, tho' he slew the Tyrant.
See what he bears for Virtue and his Country!
O let us emulate his great Example!

May we like him all Self-Affection scorn,

Think we are only for our Country born!

When Freedom calls, forget the Ties of Blood,
And fix our Interest in the publick Good.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*



THE



THE EPILOGUE,

As it was written by the AUTHOR.

WHICH of ye all will take the Author's Part?

*For me,——I vow, I hate him at my Heart.
To shock the Ladies with his filthy Rapes!
Lord!——how these Poets draw us into scrapes!
To such a Pitch of Insolence they're grown,
We Women scarce can call our——Souls our own.*

*Well, poor Cleone had a desperate Lover,
'Twas a sad Conflict,——but, thank Heaven! 'tis over.
Nay,——frown not, Ladies,——make the Case your own,
What could she do?——Eh!——What would you have done?
That she should e'er consent!——Ye Pow'rs forbid it!
No,——with Mackbeth,——you cannot say she did it.
Yet, when from Friends remov'd at such a Distance,
A strong Gallant, much Love, and no Assistance,
Faith! The best Doctrine then was Non-resistance.*

*Sure, 'twas a sprightly Age, that same of Greece!
Wisely from thence our Author drew his Piece;
A Rape must ever make a fine Distress.
Your little Greeks (as old Historians tell us,
Were always held a Race of pushing Fellows.
A forward Lover much the Joy enhances,
And saves fond Girls the Trouble of Advances.*

EPILOGUE.

*And that bold Man will be our Darling still,
Who dares to please us, — tho' against our Will.
Why then were Balls, Assemblies, Opera's made?
Where tends Quadrille? And where the Masquerade?
'Tis these make Love a long laborious Trade.
What needs such Ogling? and such idle Chat?
When each well knows what t'other would be at?*

*But thus it is in this frail Age of ours,
When Petit Maîtres undertake Amours:
Those callow Youths, just come abroad from Weaning,
Are always blund'ring round about the Meaning.*

*Stay, — let me look, — Q! Here are none but Wits,
To such our Author readily submits.
To you, ye Fair, his Muse resigns her Cause,
Her utmost Glory is your kind Applause.
Do you approve? Then every Night appear,
And view your Picture in Eunecia here.*





THE
EPILOGUE,

As it was spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WELL, Sirs; *who-e'er may take our Author's Part,*
For Me—— I own I bate him at my Heart.

What! shock the Ladies with his odious Rapes,

And draw the Virtuons into filthy Scrapes!

To such vile License, now, bold Bards are grown,

That Women scarce can call their own—— their own!

Well, poor Cleone had a rav'naus Lover,

A piteous Conflict; thank her Stars—— 'tis over.

Nay, frown not, Ladies; make the Case your own,

What cou'd she do? — Eh! — What wou'd you have done?

Not have consented, sure! —— Ye Pow'rs forbid it!

No, ——

As Mackbeth says —— You cannot say she did it.

Yet, when from Friends remov'd, all Ears at Distance,

A strong Gallant, much Love, and no Assistance,

*Who cou'd have blam'd the Doctrine then of Non-
Resistance?*

Well, 'twas a sprightly Age, that same of Greece!

'Twere hard, if copying thence, shou'd fail to please;

A Ravisher, determin'd, makes a fine Distress.

Your jolly Greeks (as old Historians tell us)

Were ever held a Race of charming Fellows.

Their

EPILOGUE.

*Their manly Passions knew t'enhance the Joy,
 And sav'd Coquette's the Pain of being coy.
 Say what we will, that Man's our Darling fill,
 Who bravely dares to please us——'gainst our Will.
 But our tame Breed of Lovers does so dwindle,
 Our Sparks with Shapes so small, and Legs so spindle,
 Are forc'd to use all Helps to make their Passions kindle.
 Poor callow Youths, just sent abroad from Weaning,
 Are always blundring round about the Meaning.
 They must have Balls, Assemblies, Masquerade,
 To make their lazy Love a long laborious Trade.
 Poor modish Ideots, to lose Time in Chat,
 When each well knows what t'other would be at.
 But hold——*

*Methinks this seems all foreign to the Play:
 Why, as to that, I've only this to say;
 Ladies, to you our Bard resigns his Cause,
 His utmost Glory is your kind Applause.
 Do you approve? then ev'ry Night appear,
 And view your Likeness in Eunessia here.*



The S O N G in the First Act.

The Words by a FRIEND.

Sung by Miss R A F T O R.

I.

AS a poor Lamb, in harmless Play
Fearless around its Mother flies,
Some rav'ning Wolf, that chanc'd to stray,
Views it with fell malignant Eyes.

II.

In Ambush first he keeps conceal'd,
Ready to dart upon his Prey;
Then in his Terrors stands reveal'd,
And tears the Innocent away.

III.

The hapless Parent's Complaints are vain,
Her Darling is in Triumph born;
The Monster swiftly skims the Plain,
And leaves the wretched Dam to mourn.

IV.

To some dark Wood, secure Retreat,
Insensible of Pity, flies;
'Till breathless, at his savage Feet,
The pretty, tender Victim lies.

F I N I S.



October 28, 1729.

*This Day was Publish'd, with the Addition of Nine PIECES (mark'd thus * in this Advertisement) and Adorn'd with curious CUTTS, Design'd by Mr. John Vanderbank and Mr. Highmore, and Ingrav'd by Mr. Gerrard Vandergucht, the Second Edition of*

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